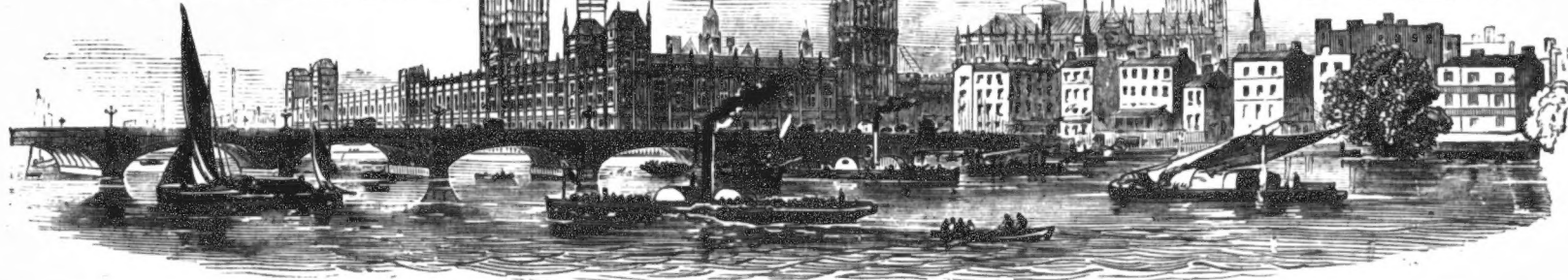


John Puck 373 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

ONE PENNY.

AMERICA.

News from the seat of war is again disastrous to the Federal cause. In our present number we give three engravings from sketches of battle scenes. Our first is that of a troop of Forrest's cavalry operating in Sheridan's rear. On page 308 we give two illustrations: a Federal battery after the late disastrous attack on Richmond, and

Winchester, the head-quarters of General Early.—Latest particulars. The Asia brings home news to the 11th:—General Grant, after visiting Washington, has returned to Petersburg. General Lee's report of Friday's engagement on the north of the James River states that he attacked the Federals on the Charles City road and drove them from two entrenched lines, capturing ten guns. Finding the enemy further strongly entrenched he did not press them.

General Gregg was killed. Southern journals claim that the engagement was a signal victory, the Federals being driven five miles from the city. General Grant reports that his loss on Friday amounted to 400 men, the Confederate loss being 1,100. General Sheridan reports that on the 9th he retreated to Strasburg. During his retreat he desolated the whole country, making it untenable for the Confederate army.



FORREST'S CAVALRY OPERATING IN SHERIDAN'S REAR.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning three privates, named Smith, Watson, and Atkinson, belonging to the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, now quartered in the Foot Barracks, Sheet-street, Windsor, were brought before Mr. B. B. Pears, at the Town Hall, under the following circumstances:—About ten o'clock on the previous Wednesday evening the three soldiers went to a cottage at Clewer, in the outskirts of the town, belonging to a man named Haines, who keeps a beer-house, and broke open the door. There happened to be two or three children in the house at the time, and their screams attracted the attention of Haines, who was in his own house cleaning a gun, and he immediately ran to their assistance with the weapon still in his hands. On seeing Haines the soldiers at once set upon him, one of them knocking him down with his fist, and the whole of them kicking and beating him most severely. Mrs. Haines, on seeing the danger to which her husband was exposed, ran to his assistance with a poker, but was also knocked down in the scuffle. The soldiers then made off, taking Haines's gun with them, and, proceeding to a beer-house called the Queen, at Spital sold the gun, which they said they had won in a raffia, for 4s. The next morning Inspector Rees, of the Berks constabulary, proceeded to the Sheet-street Barracks, and the three soldiers, having been identified, were taken into custody. After their examination on Saturday they were committed to Reading to take their trial at the next assizes.

On Saturday, Mr. Bird, the coroner for West Middlesex, held an inquest at Alperton, near Harrow, on the body of William Avis, a publican, who came by his death under peculiar and mysterious circumstances. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased, who kept the "Chiquera" public-house at Alperton, which is on the Aven side of the London and North-Western Railway, left his home shortly before six o'clock in the evening of Wednesday week, with the intention, he told his son-in-law and daughter, who lived with him, of going to a literary institution, which was to be opened that evening, at Sudbury, not a very great distance from his house. A lad named Wootton, a neighbour, was going in a cart towards the institution, which is on the London side of the railway, and gave deceased a "lift." Deceased allowed the lad to drive past the institution, but asked him to stop at a footpath which leads to the line, saying he should get out there, as he wanted to go and look at a house down the path. At about half-past six o'clock deceased was seen by George Barrett, the constable of the London and North-Western Railway Company stationed at the Brent signal-post, which is between the Sudbury and Hillesden Stations. Deceased was walking on the rails, and was by Barrett questioned as to what he did there, to which deceased replied, "I am rather out of my attitude," meaning that he had lost himself. The constable took deceased off the line, and showed him the footpath leading to Alperton, warning him to mind and not come on the line again. Deceased was seen no more alive, and as he did not come home inquiries were made which showed that he had not been to the institution. Charles B. Yau, the constable on duty at Wemely-bouting signal-post, which is between the Sudbury and Harrow Stations, in consequence of information he received went and searched along the line, and found the body of deceased lying in the "six foot" track. The body was quite cold, the skull was greatly fractured, and an arm was cut off and lying on the other side of the rails. At a few feet distance there was a pool of blood, which made it appear that deceased was first knocked down by a train in one spot, and then dragged over to another spot, where he had his arm cut off by a second train. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that "Deceased was found dead upon the London and North-Western Railway, but that how he came by his death there was no evidence to show."

On Thursday, Mr. William Payne, coroner for the City of London, held an inquiry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, respecting the death of Gerrard Panch, aged fifty-three years. Henry Haveland, a bricklayer, said that the deceased was a labourer. On the previous Thursday morning he was at work at the new railway bridge works, near Ludgate-hill. The deceased was standing on a scaffold about sixteen feet from the ground. A coat belonging to one of the bricklayers fell from the scaffold on to the ground. The deceased then removed one of the boards of the scaffolding. He then took a ladder, twenty feet long, and he pushed the end of it through the opening he had made in the scaffolding. By that means he caught hold of the coat, and dragged it up on the scaffolding. He then replaced the board. Instead of putting the board on the scaffold poles, he only laid it on the edge of some of the bricks that lay temporarily on the scaffold. He walked across the board, it gave way, and he fell to the ground. Witness was standing underneath at the time, and his head was cut by the deceased in his fall. (The witness's head was strapped up in consequence of the injuries he had received.) The deceased lay in dreadful agony on the ground. He was taken to the hospital. The deceased was married. Mr. Eccles, house surgeon, said that the back of the deceased was broken by the fall. He lingered in great suffering until Saturday. After a great deal of further evidence, the coroner summed up; and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

On Sunday a shocking scene occurred in a wood on the western side of Sheffield. A number of young men, of the lowest class, went to Old Park Wood for the purpose of "bringing off," as the slang term is, a couple of prize fights. The sacredness of the day was profaned by an assemblage of some of the most dissolute of the population; and the scene began at six in the morning, the ring being regularly prepared, the men being provided with "seconds," &c., and in fact there were all the usual ceremonies observed. Two prize fights were arranged, and when one had been brought to a conclusion, two young men, one of whom was named Thomas Davies, stepped into the ring to fight for £1 a-side. They fought for twenty minutes, and at the conclusion of a round, in which Davies had received a heavy blow on the throat, he was placed on his second's knee. On "time" being called, he rose, and attempted to close with his antagonist, but suddenly reeled and fell dead. His "friends" ran away affrighted, but some of the bystanders carried the body to an adjacent public-house. The police are in active pursuit of the pugilist, whose sobriquet is "Bully Muck," he has fought several times before.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A MULLER CASE IN INDIA.—A murderous outrage has recently taken place on the East Indian Railway between Atmoodpore and Bhulpur; a gentleman travelling in a second-class carriage having been suddenly attacked by a person travelling in the same carriage and robbed of his watch, and after being beaten severely was thrown out of the window, and contrived to lay hold of the footstep of the carriage and by clinging to the buffer held on till the train reached the station. The man who committed the outrage is in custody.—*Bombay Gazette, Sept. 28.*

GENERAL ROBINSON AND THE LADIES.—In a special order issued lately from Marlborough headquarters, General Robinson intimates that he has got possession of the letters of some young ladies, and states what he intends to do with them:—"The letters of Miss Bryant and Miss Mayfield will be published to warn thoughtless parents and teachers whether Christian or not, of the fearful doings of the youth of our State, when educated girls of respectability write such letters, and express sympathy with outlaws, thieves, and murderers, more degraded than the savages who murder the inhabitants of our frontier settlements."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter thus records the death of a very wealthy Russian prince:—

"This morning, Prince Paul Lloven was laid in his narrow cell in the cemetery of Montmartre. There was something singularly touching in the manner of his death. The prince occupied a splendid suite of apartments over the aristocratic club, the Union, on the Boulevard des Capucines. The day before yesterday the prince's valet entered the club drawing-room and addressed the only five members who happened to be there. 'I am Prince Lloven's valet. My master is up-stairs dying. Should there be any of his friends here, will they go and see him, as he might have some dying communication to make which it would not be becoming in his servant to receive?' All who were present hastily ascended to the sick man's chamber, but too late; the final struggle was just closing—life's fitful fever was over. Alone, unattended, with none to close his eyes—for even his faithful servant was on his hasty errand when death snatched his prey—there lay the lord of myriads of serfs and miles of acres! The tale is almost as sad as the story of Pitt's death at Rochampton, where the only inmate of the house entered and found the statesman had breathed his last."

THE ALLEGED INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENT IN VENETIA.

The *Siecle* of yesterday says:—"The telegraph has apprised us of the strange apparition in the environs of Udine, in the Frioul, of several armed bands, which, after disarming the gendarmes of Spilimbergo and Maniago, took refuge in the mountainous recesses of the Apennines, carrying off with them a thousand florins found in the communal treasuries of those two places. The *Official Gazette* of Venice, which reports the circumstance, adds that several of the young men composing these bands wore the Garibaldian uniform. It is not enough to don a red shirt to become a Garibaldian. Garibaldi's soldiers do not pillage the public treasury, and they have never been known to retreat into the mountains with their booty. Every day, therefore, leads us to believe that Austria also has her brigands. Let her pursue them. Governor Tölgemburg, when informed of the appearance of these pseudo-Garibaldians, at once left for Udine, and troops have been directed towards Barcis, where armed bands arrived on the evening of the 17th. Whatever may be the character of this affray, the telegraph informs us that no traces of it remain at the present moment, and that the small platoons of men assembled here and there have dispersed."

The *Nord* says:—"The Italian journals divest the insurrectional movement which has just been discovered in Venetia of all importance. According to them, the facts related by the *Gazette* of Venice were merely the exploits of a band of malefactors."

SWISS SYMPATHY WITH POLAND.

The *Siecle* says:—"Switzerland presents at this moment a spectacle which proves at once its political foresight and its humanity. The savage dismemberment of Denmark at the hands of Poland has shown it the danger which threatens nationalities weak in number and in territory, before brute force elevated into the supreme law by the three monarchies of the Holy Alliance. Danger does not depress the courageous—it stimulates them, and little Switzerland shows an example to more than one great State by the energy and active sympathy she displays towards the wreck of Poland. At the same time that she endeavoured to snatch General Langiewicz from the hands of Austria, by conferring upon him the rights of a Swiss citizen, she gave shelter to a large number of the proscribed, and generously assisted them in obtaining the means of existence on her own soil. She is now urging on the realization of a project originating with eminent members of the emigration, and worthy of being encouraged wherever courage and misfortune are honoured. A committee sitting in Zurich is occupied in founding an asylum for two hundred wounded Poles. Is not the most honourable of misfortunes that of these men whose glorious wounds render them incapable of working for their own living? The Zurich committee while invoking the sympathy of the friends of Poland and of humanity in general, made a special appeal to French and foreign artists in favour of a lottery of works of art to take place in Zurich for the benefit of the asylum for the invalid Poles. It begs the artists who may be disposed to assist in this work to send their offerings to Zurich to the secretary's office of the Polish Invalids' Asylum, at the Polish agency. A certain number of works of art by eminent artists have already arrived from Italy and Germany; and a foreign princess has just sent a very generous gift. We hope that the French artists, who always show so much sympathy with good works and good causes, will take a part worthy of them in this noble competition, and that such an undertaking will everywhere and in every shape meet with the support it so well deserves."

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN'S STORY.—At the Warwickshire sessions, George Haynes, twenty-five, was charged with having, at Stratford-on-Avon, on the 12th of August last, stolen two pounds weight of beef. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty," and asked to make a statement. The chairman having remarked that he had been previously sentenced to penal servitude at Gloucester assizes for house-breaking, the prisoner said that was really true. He committed the offence when he was only thirteen years of age, and was sent to Gibraltar, to the penal settlement there. After having been imprisoned for three years and a half, his conduct had been so satisfactory that he had been released upon a ticket of leave. He forthwith returned to England, and did all he could to obtain a honest livelihood. After working for four years in Warwick, during a part of which time he had attended regularly at All Saints' Church, Stratford, and assisted in the choir, he went to reside at Stratford, got work, and attended the parish church at Charleotte, singing in the choir. All things went on well with him and with his family for a long time. One day one of the Stratford police, named Weston, called upon him, and asked if he had ever been transported. He declined at first to answer the question; but ultimately he admitted that such was the case. From that time his prospects were blighted. He was dismissed from the choir at Charleotte Church, and lost his place. In every way he was being hounded down and oppressed. At the time he took the meat, his wife and children were in a starving condition, and he took the meat for them. The Rev. T. B. Dickson, of Emscote, had sent a letter, testifying to the prisoner's character as being honest, sober, and in every way respectable. Mr. Kynnersley expressed his deep regret at the statement made by the prisoner had made. If it was true, and upon the face of the facts it seemed probable, the policeman had exceeded his duty, for he ought not to have interfered with him at all. The prisoner seemed to have conducted himself creditably, and the former offence might have been considered buried in oblivion. Both he and his brother magistrates considered that the prisoner had been hardly dealt with, and under the circumstances he would only be sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCE OF THREE POTATOES.—Three large-sized potatoes, planted in Mr. Hanson's garden at Hawhorn Cottage on a damp bank on Gurnham, were this week dug up, and found to have produced 362, weighing in the aggregate 71 lb. A dozen weighed 16 lb., and four selected from the dozen weighed 6½ lb. The largest single potato weighed 2 lb. 7 oz. These potatoes were planted about three feet apart and kept well earthed up as they grew, each root forming a small mound about eighteen inches high.—*Hants Advertiser.*

General News.

THE young prince, son of the Prince Royal of Prussia, was baptised at Berlin, the names given to him being Francis Frederick Sigismund.

THE *Morgen Post* of Vienna relates the following anecdote:—"One day last week a poor old woman, accompanied by two children, went to the forest near Ischel to pick up rotten wood. Overcome with fatigue, she at last sat down and fainted away, but the children thought she was only asleep. On observing the approach of a gentleman in hunting costume they attempted to awaken her, and began to cry when they found she did not move. The gentleman, seeing their distress, proceeded to examine the woman, and ascertained that she was in a fainting fit. He immediately obtained a flask of brandy from another gentleman who came up, and rubbed her forehead with the spirits. She soon revived, and he then gave her some gold coins and withdrew. The old woman returned home highly pleased with her good fortune, and was still more delighted when she learned that her benefactor was no other than the Emperor Francis Joseph."

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON attained his eightieth year on Thursday week. The noble Premier and her ladyship, with a small family circle, are at Broadlands, Hants. The noble viscount is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and is out for his customary equestrian exercise almost daily.

THE *Pays* says that the *Diritto* of Turin published an "infamous" letter of Garibaldi's concerning France, and that it is doing too much honour to such a letter to mention it, without repeating the contents. The *Patrie*, however, gives the text, and here it is:—"Capri, Oct. 10. That criminals should endeavour to find accomplices is quite natural; but that I should be plunged in the mire with the men who have stained Italy by the convention of Sept. 15 is what I did not expect. With Bonaparte the only convention is this—To purge our country of his presence, not in two years, but in two hours.—G. GARIBALDI."

THE *Nouvelles*, of Rouen, says that when the Emperor of Russia was at Hombourg this year he went into the gambling-rooms, and being tempted to try his luck at roulette, told his aide-de-camp to throw down a note of a hundred roubles upon the red. But the ball had scarcely begun to roll when the croupier, with his rake, roughly pushed away the Russian paper, observing that the bank did not take that sort of money. The aide-de-camp took it up without remonstrance, and the Czar, who most assuredly was not recognised by the croupier, went away without trying another experiment on the board of green cloth.

REWARDS OF LITERARY MERIT.—The rewards of literary success, as indeed of success in any pursuit whatever, are in these days something marvellous. It is said that Mr. Tennyson has already realized £10,000 by the sale of his last volume, and that Mr. Wilkie Collins is to receive £3,000 for his proposed novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and still be at liberty to republish it in a complete form after it has appeared in the periodical. And it is not only in England that these large sums are realized by authors. No less than 30,000 copies of an illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's "Les misérables" were lately sold in a few days, and 1,500 more were ordered. The times are changed indeed since Dr. Johnson was obliged to dance attendance in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room in the vain hope of obtaining a paltry dedication fee.—*Guardian.*

A CURIOSITY.—Mr. Britton, of the Mansion House, corner of Bleecker and Crosby-streets, several weeks since imported a lot of green turtles. They were killed shortly after their arrival, and nothing more thought of the affair until yesterday, when about thirty young ones were found crawling about the premises. On examination it was found that several eggs had been laid near a wall heated by a range, and in that manner incubation had taken place. The little ones are quite a curiosity—being probably the first native born green turtles ever seen in this city.—*New York Paper.*

A FARM LABOURER CHARGED WITH STEALING GROUSE.—At the Doncaster West Riding sessions, on Saturday, before the Hon. E. Lescell, a chairman, a singular case was heard. William Peace, an agricultural labourer, was charged with stealing twenty dead grouse at Ectonfield, on the 8th September last. Mr. Hannay prosecuted, and Mr. Waddy defended. Mr. Miller, of Wadley Lodge, and a party were out shooting on the day in question over Mr. Miller's, son, moor near Penistone, and they placed several brace of grouse in a hovel, and after further shooting they placed other grouse in a pit used for the purpose in former seasons. The shooting was continued, and when in the evening they returned to the pit or hole, and also to the hovel, they found that the grouse had been stolen. The police met the prisoner four days after with grouse upon him, and Mr. Miller identified three of the birds at the Penistone police station, one from the fact that his gamekeeper had hit it on the head to kill it; the other from the circumstance that the feathers on the back of one had all been stripped off by falling upon a stone in a deep gully; and the third, from its being much mauled by the dogs. Mr. Waddy admitted that the prisoner, who lived near the moor, had shot the grouse the police took from him, but he denied that the man had stolen them, or that it was possible for the prosecutor to identify birds after four days had elapsed, and when he had in the meantime probably shot many other birds. The jury took this view of the case, and acquitted him.

ENORMOUS SHEFFIELD CASTING.—It may be in the recollection of our readers that in July last we reported a successful attempt made by Messrs. J. M. Stanley and Co., the Midland Works, to cast an anvil block weighing 160 tons. The enormous mass of iron took six weeks to cool, and it was then, by means of hydraulic power, lifted from the mould. On Friday, the same firm were engaged in casting a second anvil of precisely the same size and weight. The mould, which was twelve feet square at the base and eleven feet six inches deep, was dug out in the centre of the workshop, and from five furnaces constructed at intervals round the building, the molten iron was run. The first furnace was "tapped" at six o'clock in the morning, and in twelve hours the mould was filled. The opportunity was embraced by Messrs. Stanley for testing their newly-patented rotary engine. An ordinary engine of 12-horse power was used to drive a portion of the blow fans. It was worked at a pressure of 80 lb., and the fans made 1,400 revolutions per minute. The new engine, which is of 10-horse power, drove fans of the same dimensions, was worked at the pressure of 10 lb., and the fans made 1,600 revolutions per minute. The new engine worked much easier than the one on the old principle, and consumed about half the quantity of fuel. The expectations of the patentees in regard to the power, compactness, and economy of the engine have been fully realized. The enormous castings referred to are intended for the gun manufactory of Messrs. Firth and Sons. For months past men have been engaged preparing for them "beds of extraordinary solidity; the necessity for which will be apparent when we state that each anvil has to receive the blows of a twenty-five ton steam hammer. Extensive alterations are going on in the steel melting department at the works of Messrs. Firth. The building intervening between the steel melting furnaces has been removed, and other furnaces in its room erected. When completed, there will be, in a space of 160 feet long by 60 feet wide, 170 melting pots, and an ingot of steel of from twelve to fourteen tons will be turned out at one casting. In its centre of this department will be erected a powerful steam crane. This firm will be celebrated for possessing the largest anvil in the world, and the most extensive and complete set of steel melting pots.—*Sheffield Independent.*

LORD PALMERSTON'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

On the 20th of October, 1784, Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, now her Majesty's First Minister of State, was born at Broadlands, in the county of Hants. Not since the year 1710, when Sidney, Lord Godolphin, was abruptly dismissed by Queen Anne, has a Prime Minister of England conducted the national affairs at such an age as that to which Lord Palmerston has attained. And it will not be amiss to cast a retrospective glance over the principal events in the history of the remarkable man who still presides over the destinies of the country.

When Lord Palmerston was born, William Pitt, then in the 25th year of his age, had held the premiership about twelve months. Fox, his great political rival, was ten years older, and had been in parliament fifteen years; Sheridan was thirty-three, and had been four years in the house; Burke was fifty-six, and had a parliamentary experience of eighteen years. Wilberforce, who was of the same age as Pitt, had formed one of the little band who, headed by Burke and Fox, had not ceased to condemn the policy which had led to the establishment of the American republic, then in the ninth year of its existence. William Cobbett, then just twenty-two, with little idea of future notoriety in the *Political Register* and in parliament, was doing duty as a corporal in the inhospitable region of New Brunswick. Louis XVI was barely thirty, and had swayed the French sceptre for ten comparatively peaceful years, scarcely dreaming of approaching bloodshed and revolution.

But Lord Palmerston's education, which was begun at Harrow and continued at the universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge, progressed amid events of more stirring interest. The present Prime Minister was a very little boy when the commencement of the trial of Warren Hastings commanded so much attention throughout the country. "Dragging its slow length along" for seven weary years, it was far from completed when the horrors of the French Revolution burst like a thunderclap over Europe. It was during his lordship's school-days that the great State trials of Hardy, Thelwell, and Horne took created such universal excitement; when Erskine's famous defence exploded for ever the doctrine of constructive treason in England. It was during the same period that the Prince of Wales married the unfortunate Princess Caroline of Brunswick; that a desperate war was carried on against Tippee Sah and his sons; that the memorable Irish rebellion broke out, and the legislative union was effected; and that the maritime pride of England was from time to time maintained by the intelligence of victories by Howe, Cornwallis, Bridport, Nelson, Camperdown, and St Vincent.

We now pass on to January, 1800. Barely three months had elapsed since the battle of Trafalgar had annihilated the naval forces of France and Spain; and, amid many tokens of national grief, the body of Nelson had just been deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral. At that time Sir Charles (afterwards Earl) Grey, who entered parliament in 1786, had for some years laboured unsuccessfully in the cause of reform. Burke, who retired from the political arena in 1794, had been dead nine years. Canning had enjoyed a parliamentary experience of thirteen years, and had given repeated proofs of those great oratorical gifts which won for him the title of the Cicero of the Senate. Lord Castlereagh had been in the house just one year less, and held as firmly then, as he did in after life, that the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. The numerous proceedings in the Court of Chancery, then presided over by that everlasting doubter, Lord Chancellor Eldon, pressed hardly upon impoverished suitors. Jeremy Bentham was busily agitating for law reform, while Romilly had just commenced his efforts for sweeping away some of the sanguinary penal laws then in such great force on the statute book. Wilberforce, who had been denounced by the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV) as "a meddling fanatic, who ought to be expelled from parliament," had not ceased to demand the abolition of the slave trade. Fox, with the leading men of the Opposition, had long abandoned all hope of arresting Pitt in his policy with respect to the war with France, when, on the 23rd of January, 1806, the lofty spirit of the brilliant commoner then at the head of the Administration sank under the overthrow of the continental coalition against Napoleon, of which he had been the directing genius. The death of Pitt rendered vacant his seat for the University of Cambridge, and this was the first opportunity for the present Premier to step into public life.

It was the second parliament of the United Kingdom. Lord Palmerston was then in the 22nd year of his age, and had succeeded to his title about four years previously. He had just taken his degree of M.A. at the University, the representation of which he contested with Lord Henry Petty, afterwards the Marquis of Lansdowne. The prize upon this occasion was borne off by Lord Henry Petty. Lord Palmerston was, however, immediately afterwards returned for the nomination borough of Bletchingly, a village of Surrey. The death of Mr. Fox, on the 13th of September in the same year, was the cause of numerous changes in the Ministry of "All the Talents" which had succeeded Pitt; and when, in the March following, Lord Grenville resigned the reins of power into the hands of the Duke of Portland, Lord Palmerston, who this year exchanged Bletchingly for Newport, Isle of Wight, commenced his official life by becoming a Lord of the Admiralty. It was in this capacity that he made his first speech in the house, the occasion being a defence of the bombardment of Copenhagen by the British fleet. The duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning on the 22nd of September, 1809, led to the breaking up of this Administration, for which was substituted one by Mr. Spencer Perceval, in which Lord Palmerston was appointed Secretary at War. In 1811 he was returned for the University of Cambridge, and held the post of Secretary at War without interruption for nineteen years under five successive Governments. In 1828, he, together with Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Grant, representing what might be termed the Canning party of the Duke of Wellington's Ministry, seceded from that Administration. For two years Lord Palmerston was without office, when, on the resignation of the Duke of Wellington and the accession of Earl Grey to power in November, 1830, his lordship was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In the following year, his attachment to the Reform policy of his colleagues lost him his seat for the University of Cambridge, and he fell back on his old borough of Bletchingly. This was one of the fifty-six swept away by Schedule A of the Reform Bill, and Lord Palmerston next found a seat for South Hants. He retained the Foreign Secretaryship until November, 1834, when Sir Robert Peel came into office for a few months. In December of the same year, defeated at South Hants, the noble lord took refuge at Tiverton, which he has ever since represented. In April, 1835, Lord Melbourne came into power, and Lord Palmerston resumed his functions at the Foreign-office, continuing to hold the seals of that department until Sir Robert Peel's return to the Treasury bench in September, 1841. Another five years of opposition now ensued, when, on the accession of Lord John Russell to the premiership in July, 1846, Lord Palmerston was reinstated in his post of Foreign Secretary, where he remained until December, 1851. In December, 1852, on the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry, Lord Palmerston was appointed Home Secretary. He filled this post until the breaking up of the Government in 1855 when he was appointed Prime Minister. In February, 1858, the adverse vote of the House of Commons on the Conspiracy Bill obliged him to give place to the Earl of Derby; but in June, 1859, he was again called upon to construct an Administration, of which he still remains the head.

It seems difficult to believe that the Prime Minister of England in 1864 was living in the days when the young Pretender, wearied of his intrigues, was quietly passing away his existence at Rome;

and that the Premier of to-day was an active War Secretary ere Lord Wellington baffled Massena before the lines of Torres Vedras. Yet Lord Palmerston has served four Sovereigns, he has been a member of the House of Commons for fifty-eight years, and has sat in sixteen parliaments. During the long period of his political life he has witnessed the construction of seventeen ministries, in thirteen of which he has held office. Of his fifty-eight years of parliamentary life no less than forty-six have been passed in the national service. Of the colleagues with whom he acted on his entrance into public life not one now survives, and from the death of the Duke of Portland, in 1809, to that of the Duke of Newcastle, two days ago, the names of the statesmen with whom Lord Palmerston has taken counsel, and who from time to time have passed away, constitute a long and formidable list. Of the premier's colleagues in the present Cabinet, Earl Russell is the next in point of age, and he is seventy-two. When Lord Palmerston entered parliament, Lord Russell was doing his continental tour, Sir George Grey was a little boy seven years of age, the Earl of Clarendon was six, the Lord Chancellor and Sir Charles Wood one year less, Mr. Villiers and Lord Stanley of Alderley numbered four summers, the Duke of Somerset was just two years old, while neither the names nor titles of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll, Earl de Grey, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Cardwell had then been heard of.

The extent of Lord Palmerston's patronage has been enormous, and never since the days of Sir Robert Walpole has an English Prime Minister wielded the sword of State with so much advantage to his party. Of the prelates who now constitute the hierarchy, no less than seventeen owe their positions to Lord Palmerston. They are the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Armagh, and Dublin; the Bishops of Carlisle, Cork, Durham, Ely, Gloucester and Bristol, Killaloe, Kilmore, London, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon, Rochester, and Worcester. He has besides nominated to several deaneries and canonries. He has added seventeen names to the rolls of the peerage, including those of Wensleydale, Aveland, Lyons, Belper, Eversley, Ebury, Macaulay, Cheham, Llanover, Lyvoden, Taunton, Westbury, Russell, Fitzhardinge, Seymour, and Annaly. He has created eighteen baronets, namely, Sir D. Baxter, Sir W. Browne, Sir J. F. Bagnall, Sir D. Cooper, Sir F. Crossley, Sir W. Dilke, Sir H. Havelock, Sir W. G. Hayler, Sir C. Lyell, Sir J. Jebb, Sir D. Lloyd, Sir O. Locock, Sir F. G. Moon, Sir B. M. Peto, Sir H. Rich, Sir B. Walker, Sir W. F. Williams, and Sir A. Wilson. In his two Governments he has had the services of three Lord Chancellors, four attorneys and six solicitor-generals; he has appointed the chiefs in the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas; while of the fifteen judges of her Majesty's three courts of common law who administered justice on Lord Palmerston's first accession to power, only four now hold the same positions they occupied in February, 1855. He has had the appointment of just one half of the 116 Lord-Lieutenants of the United Kingdom, and has dispensed two-thirds of the twenty-five garters. He has added more than forty names to the privy council, and of the 216 members of that body as at present existing, the Premier himself is the oldest member, having been sworn in fifty-five years ago. Of the minor descriptions of patronage in the hands of the different departments of the Government we have no room to speak. Including the clerical patronage of the Lord Chancellor, the appointment of county court judges, bankruptcy commissioners, and magistrates, and the appointments to the naval, military, and civil services, it embraces every office and place of emolument in the country.

But it is not simply at home that the patronage of the noble viscount's Administration has been conspicuous over that of many of his predecessors united. Since he first took the premiership the governor of every British possession, both at home and abroad, numbering fifty one in all, has been reappointed. He has made three viceroys of India, two Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland, and two governor-generals of Canada; while every colony and dependency, from the freezing latitudes of New Brunswick to the scorching swamps of the Gold Coast, has had a new ruler placed over its inhabitants. In the colonial episcopate there is similarly extensive evidence of the effects of Lord Palmerston's being in power. And, finally, during his reign as Prime Minister, of the thirty-eight British ministers abroad, with five exceptions, the whole have been reappointed, from the splendid dignity of the St. Petersburg embassy to the unpretending "agency" at the Court of Tunis.

To follow Lord Palmerston through the many episodes of his lengthened career would require little less than a history of his times. The debates in which he has taken part, the long story of his foreign policy, the measures he has assisted to carry, together with the immense progress which the country has made, and which are inseparably connected with a record of the chief public events of the past half century—all these things are written in other chronicles. But whatever opinion his lordship's political opponents may entertain respecting his statesmanship, there can be no question that a genial and kindly old age makes him universally popular amongst the masses of his countrymen. A week or two after the close of a long and harassing session we find him on a blazing hot day talking to the Northamptonshire peasantry about the advantages of railway communication. Then, leaving the black mould of the fens, and the brown, crumbling loam of the uplands, he is next laying the foundation-stone of a new exchange amid the smoking chimneys of Bradford. Again, he is whirling down by the Great Western express to Tiverton, and there, surrounded by the jolly yeomen of humid Devon, at length defends the policy of his Government, and convulses his hearers with laughter by drawing amusing parallels between the racecourse and the House of Commons. Once more he is on the rail, and this time he is in North Wales, inspecting his new slate quarry near the top of the Moelwyn mountain. Then, passing on to the city of Hereford, he inaugurates the statue of a departed colleague who was born in the year he himself entered parliament. Yet again, and he is down amid the chalky plains of Wiltshire, where, at the former residence of another lamented colleague, who was an infant when Lord Palmerston was vigorously carrying on the war against the first Napoleon, he gives sound advice to a portion of our great volunteer army. Thus occupied in the recess, and at eighty years of age still the keystone in the arch of his Administration, whatever he may be likened unto by the future historians, it certainly never can be said that Lord Palmerston has stood idle in the market-place of life; it never can be said that when called upon to serve his Sovereign in the political crises and exigencies of his country he has been weighed in the balances and found wanting.

A WITTY THIEF.—The following incident, said to have occurred at Vienna, ought to be received as confirmation of the low state of the thermometer there:—A gentleman was contemplating the works of art exhibited in the window of one of the chief picture-dealers of the city, when he gradually became conscious of the fact that a hand not belonging to himself had found its way into one of his pockets. Turning a witty round, he looked the neighbour who had taken so unusual a liberty straight in the face, and exclaimed, with concentrated indignation, "You had your hand in my pocket!" "Well," replied the detected member of the light-fingered class of gentry, with the greatest coolness and self-possession, "and what if I had? You have surely no ground to be offended at that. Here, now, in October, it's already so cold that one is glad to put one's hand anywhere." This somewhat eccentric way of accounting for the vagaries of his hands saved the intending pilferer from the tender mercies of the police. —*Letter from Brinn.*

These uncoloured tress are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents a town and country. These combine fine favour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand. —*Advertisement.*

The Court.

It is reported that the Prince of Wales has accepted an invitation to visit the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley, early in November. If this report is correct—it is credited in well informed quarters—it may be safely assumed that his royal highness will visit Liverpool and make himself in some degree familiar with the vast extent and wonderful resources of the port. —*Liverpool Mercury.*

It is reported that the Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein (that is to be) will marry a rich American young lady.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, who with his suite arrived at Windsor Castle about eleven o'clock on Saturday night, via the Great Western Railway, visited the Chapel Royal of St. George Sunday morning, and, attended by Lieutenant Haig, remained during the service. His royal highness occupied the Prince of Wales's stall among the seats of the Knights of the Order of the Garter.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales left Copenhagen in the Osborne on Saturday afternoon. They were accompanied on board by the King, the royal family, the most ardent members of the diplomatic corps, and a large number of the higher civil and military officials. Their royal highnesses were attended by a guard of honour, and salutes were fired from the batteries and men of war in the port. Large crowds of people were present at the embarkation of the illustrious guests.

DEATH OF SIR ALEXANDER LAWRENCE.

THE *Delhi Gazette*, while recording the death of Sir Alexander Lawrence, son of the viceroy, says:—

"The young gentleman was, it appears, travelling up north by the Hindoostan and Tibet Trunk Road, with his uncle, Colonel Lawrence, the Deputy-Commissioner of Simla. They made ten or twelve marches in safety, and reached Torshin, the summer residence of the Rajah of Basahir, on Friday, the 26th instant. On Saturday morning they started on horseback for the next bungalow at Taranda. About four miles on the road they had to cross a bridge which girdled an almost perpendicular cliff. On nearing this spot, Sir Alexander's horse being somewhat restive, he passed his uncle to the front; on riding over the bridge rather hurriedly, a large cross-beam gave way, and both rider and horse were precipitated violently down about 800 feet of khand, and of course killed on the spot. This shocking and terrible accident happened about 120 miles from Simla. The corpse was brought into the station on Monday morning, and buried on the evening of the same day. The funeral was attended by the viceroy and his staff, the commander-in-chief and his staff, the members of council, Sir H. Edwards, and all the principal visitors and residents of the place. The procession left Government House at four p.m. The chief mourners followed the bier on foot the whole way. At the gate of the cemetery the bier was rested, and borne thence to the grave by the personal staff of the governor-general. The funeral service was read by the Rev. J. Poynder, and amidst universal tribulation and sorrow the remains of Sir Alexander Lawrence were lowered into their last resting place. Thus snatched away as he was in the midst of life and youth, and universally beloved, a melancholy gloom will overshadow Simla for the rest of the season. He has left behind him a young widow and a child to mourn his loss. Poor as the consolation may be, we feel assured that Lady Lawrence will have the warmest and deepest sympathy of the community in her sad bereavement."

We take the opportunity of giving an engraving of the Lawrence Asylum, Kusowlee, near Simlah. This asylum was founded by Sir John Lawrence. The boys are taught various trades, and also gardening. The girls are taught domestic economy, needlework, straw bonnet-making, knitting, laundry, and other work. In this way both boys and girls are put in the way to earn an honest livelihood on leaving the asylum.

The boys and girls are brought up in separate buildings, each having a certain number of teachers and matrons in constant charge of them. Orphans are not unfrequently received into the institution while infants, and are not allowed to depart from it until a favourable opportunity is presented to them for making an honest livelihood. Many of the children also are educated with the view of making missionaries of them or teachers in the schools.

THE ROBBERY OF THE SWISS MAILS.

A LETTER from Berns, of the 15th inst., states that further details have now been received concerning the attack upon the Federal mails on Monte Cenera. It took place in the night of the 12th to the 13th inst., between Cadenazzo and the post of gendarmes, situated a little lower down. The brigands were nine in number, and armed with muskets and pistols. Unfortunately the passengers travelling by the diligence, with the conductor and postilion, were not only robbed of their money, watches, and other valuables, but also severely ill-treated; two of their number, a passenger from Milan, named Lattuada, and the postilion, lying now in Cadenazzo, mortally wounded. The letter-bags and parcels, of which the post between Lucerne and Milan usually carries a large number, were, owing to an inexcusable oversight of the robbers, left untouched. The bandits are believed to have been Lombards from their accent; and it is thought probable they are the same individuals who stopped the Federal mails at Calico about the same time last year. It will be recollected that no traces have even yet been discovered of the perpetrators of the former outrage; and the defective organization of the Ticino police, with the vicinity of the Italian frontier, gives rise to the apprehension that the same will again be the case. The Federal Council, in its last sitting, determined to issue a reward of a thousand francs for the discovery of the robbers.

We give on page 309 an illustration of brigands attacking a diligence.

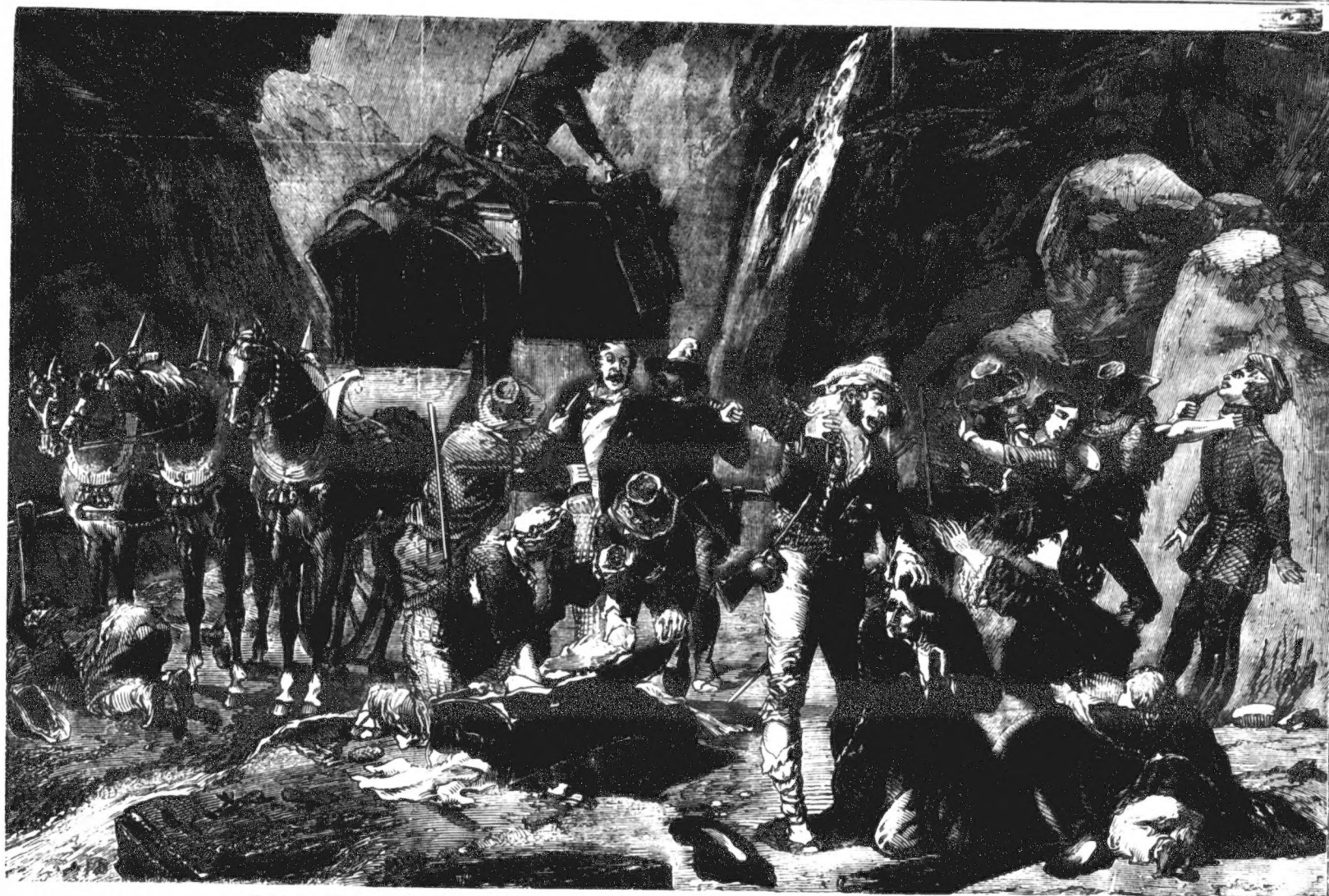
ELOPEMENT AND ROBBERY AT ST. LEONARD, EXETER.—At the Devon sessions, before the Earl of Devon, John Muters, 26, labourer (imp.), was indicted for stealing thirteen silver tea-spoons, two pairs of sugar tongs, and a watch, the property of Samuel Fluelin, at St. Leonard, on the 8th July previous. Mr. Pere prosecuted, and Mr. Carter defended. The prosecutor is a dairyman. On the 7th July he and his wife went to Exmouth regatta and when returning in the evening a quarrel occurred between them relative to the familiarity of the wife with the prisoner, who accompanied them. On the following morning the prisoner was seen to place a box in a cab near the prosecutor's house, and to drive away. The prosecutor was absent from home at the time, and upon his return found that his wife had left him, and also that the property referred to had been removed from the house. The prisoner and Mrs. Fluelin were traced to Bath, where they were living together. The watch was being worn by the prisoner, who said it had been lent to him by Mrs. Fluelin. He denied all knowledge of the spoons, which were found in a box, together with a bill with the prisoner's name upon it, a Prayer-book belonging to him, and some wearing apparel belonging to Mrs. Fluelin. The latter also declared that she had removed the property and that the prisoner was not responsible. She said also that she had paid the railway fare to Bath for the prisoner and herself. The jury found Muters guilty, and he was sentenced to be imprisoned for four months. Mr. Carter applied for and obtained a case, on the ground that there was no evidence that the prisoner knew the property was abstracted.



WINCHESTER, THE HEAD QUARTERS OF GENERAL EARLY. (See page 305.)



INTERIOR OF A FEDERAL BATTERY AFTER THE LAST ENGAGEMENT BEFORE RICHMOND (See page 305.)



THE ROBBERY OF THE SWISS MAILS.—BRIGANDS ATTACKING THE DILIGENCE. (See page 307.)



L. WELNCE ASYLUM, KUSSOWLEF, NEAR SIMLAH. (See page 307.)

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day,
FOR EVERYBODY.

DEAR PAPA,
Do Buy Me the

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

DEAR MAMMA,
Oh, do Buy Me the

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
Buy the

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

BOYS AND GIRLS,
Buy the

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

UNCLES AND AUNTS,
Buy the

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS,
Buy the

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

APPRENTICES,
Buy the

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

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Dedicated to Lord Ranelagh and the English Volunteers.

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WHEN I WAS A MAIDEN PRETTY.

With No. 10,

FANNY'S VALSE.

With No. 11,

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP GALOP.

With No. 12 is

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Another Supplement, comprising all the Newest Fashions and Patterns of Needlework, direct from Paris.

No. 13 will contain

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

No. 14 will contain the

MAGNOLIA POLKA.

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NOTICE.

The companion picture to

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,

being the second of the series of beautiful coloured engravings, which will be issued from time to time with

"BOW BELLS,"

will be published simultaneously with the Great

WHITTINGTON NUMBER

ON

LORD MAYOR'S DAY,

November 9th.

The original drawing is made expressly for this magazine by the celebrated artist, Huard. The subject chosen is

DICK WHITTINGTON AT HIGHGATE,

turning towards London, and listening to the

SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

A Supplement of

ELEGANT NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS,

obtained direct from Paris, will also be

PRESENTED, GRATIS.

Immense expense and labour have been bestowed in producing a Number of rare excellence.

Amongst the most important features may be mentioned the commencement of an entirely

NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE,

founded on facts, and entitled

DICK WHITTINGTON,

THIRCE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Illustrated by EDWARD CORBOLD.

A new ballad, called

TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY,

Words by

ELIZA COOK.

A full-page engraving, representing

A PORTRAIT OF WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT,

Whittington College,

Bow Church,

Whittington's House,

Old St. Paul's,

Whittington's Stone at High-

gate.

Drawn by W. B. PRIOR

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES,

Illustrated.

FINE ARTS—"THE LOST CHANGE"

From an original painting by W. H. KENNEDY.

The new and popular tale of

TWENTY STRAWS.

Illustrated by Huard.

Continuation of the admirable story of

DOCTOR POMEROY.

Illustrated by PALMER.

PORTRAIT OF MR. ALDERMAN HALE,

LORD MAYOR.

Drawn by WILSON.

LADIES' PAGES,

Illustrated with Patterns of Needlework of the Newest Fashions.

ONE PENNY, with SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

WITH COLOURED PICTURE, TWOPENCE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. E.	
D.	M.			A. M.	P. M.
29	S	General Cavaignac died, 1857	...	1 7	1 25
30	S	23rd Sunday after Trinity	...	1 42	1 58
31	M	Sun rises, 6h. 55m.; sets, 4h. 34m.	...	2 15	2 31
1	T	All Saints. Earthquake at Lisbon, 1755	...	2 47	3 3
2	T	Michaelmas Term begins	...	3 21	3 38
3	W	First Balloon ascent, 1783	...	3 56	4 14
4	T	Abraham Lincoln elected Pres. of America, 1860	...	4 34	4 52

Moon's Changes.—New moon, 30th, 3h. 28m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Proverbs 11; St. Luke 16.

AFTERNOON.

Proverbs 12; Philip. 4.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 6d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

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* * All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. * * Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

A MEMBER.—If a motion is carried by a majority of one, the chairman could claim his right to vote as a member; and if by this the votes become equal, he has then the casting vote, which may be against the first majority.

B. T.—Chance, the elephant, was shot in 1826. The skeleton, we believe, is still at the College of Surgeons. The site of his den, and the menagerie, in fact, is now the new Strand Museum Hall.

A WIDOW.—A daughter, as well as a son, if in a position to do so, is bound to support you by law.

A SUBSCRIBER.—In reply to your first query, the best work of the kind is

Tyrril's Elocutionist, published by Vickers, Holywell-street, price 6d.

With regard to the second, not contemplated at present.

B. W. (Pall Mall).—The Argyle Rooms were originally opened for the per-

formance of opera and French plays.

CIVILIAN.—The Life Guards have not been out of the country since the

termination of the French war.

R. P.—Andrew Ducrow died Jan. 26, 1842, of mental derangement and

paralysis, produced by the destruction of his theatre by fire, the year

previous.

GEORGE T.—The trial of Rush for the murder of Mr. Jermy occupied six

days.

Z. Y.—The cost of London-bridge, including the removal of the old bridge

and the approaches, was above two millions and a half sterling.

T. R.—John Kemble was proprietor and stage manager of Covent Garden

Theatre in 1803. It was in 1808 that the theatre was burnt down, and

twenty persons killed in the ruins.

EMIGRANT.—Brokers who make contracts for passages to Australia and

other places are obliged to find securities in 1,000*l.* for the faithful

discharge of their duties.

INSURANCE.—Advertising to sell the house left to pay the expenses will not

make the transaction legal. If really sold for less than the value, should

the owner put in an appearance, you would doubtless have to make up

the difference.

B. T. (Borough).—Southwark fair was suppressed in 1768. Hogarth, in

his plate of the fair, shows Figg, the prize-fighter, and Cadman, the

rope-flyer. The fair continued fourteen days.

A. T.—There is a penalty of £5 for exposing fireworks for sale in shop

windows.

B. N.—The Pulpit Cross of Spital-square, from whence was preached the

open-air Spital sermons, was destroyed during the Civil War.

HEAR T.—The increase to the national debt of this country during the

Russian war was £32,371,495*l.*

ROSE.—Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex, and Miss O'Neill,

afterwards Lady Beecher, both made their first appearance at Covent

Garden Theatre.

G. H. (Guildford).—Sir Robert Peel made his famous speech on the Corn

Laws, in which he moved the adoption of the sliding scale, on the 27th

of January, 1846.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE despatches from New Zealand confirm the hopes entertained of an early end of the war. Though a telegram distinctly stated that the East Coast natives alone had submitted, yet their submission was so complete, and so important as an example and an indication of Maori feeling, that we felt warranted in inferring the probable submission, at an early day, of the only tribes whose hostility was of moment—those under the influence of Hewi and Thompson. The latter is a near neighbour of the Tauranga people. He is not a fanatic, but a man of sense and ability. Though his conduct fully entitled him to the epithet his old friend Mr. Fox bestowed upon him when he spoke of his "double heart," yet, as the war has gone against him—as his project of setting up an independent Maori kingdom had utterly failed, he, as a man of sense, must have seen that it would be impolitic to continue a hopeless struggle. General Cameron tells us it was expected that Thompson would be present at Tauranga, and would submit. That expectation was not fulfilled. None were present except the leaders of the Tauranga tribes. But it is reasonable to suppose that Thompson waited to see how the Government would deal with natives who submitted unconditionally, before he placed himself in their hands. He was in a position of some embarrassment, for he it was who, at the commencement of the rebellion, notified publicly his intention of exterminating every European, sparing neither age nor sex. But as it is unlikely that Thompson took any part in murders or mutilations, and as murderers alone are excepted from the general pardon granted to all who submit, he has probably ere this given himself up. The extremely liberal terms granted to the Tauranga natives by the Colonial Government, through Sir George Grey, must have convinced the natives who follow Thompson, and that chief himself, that more was to be gained by prompt submission than prolonged resistance. Although, therefore, General Cameron on the 2nd of August expressed a fear that the meeting at Tauranga would not lead to a general pacification, after attending the meeting himself he probably had good ground for changing his opinion, for on the 7th of August he says there was reason to hope the liberal terms would induce other tribes to make their submission.

NOTHING in the English character more astonishes foreigners than the facility with which we become the victims of fraud and deceit. If we were a simple-minded, credulous people they could understand it; but being eminently practical, and having a reputation for a full share of common sense, the readiness with which we fall into the traps of the designing is to them most marvellous. Two cases which have occurred in our police-courts will afford them new occasion of wonder. A gentleman named Fryer attended at Westminster Police-court to prefer a charge against a man named Harris, who had got into his house as "thorough out-door servant" by means of a forged character. He had advertised in the *Times* for a place, had been seen and conversed with by Mr. Fryer, whom he had satisfied as to his fitness, and whom he had referred to his "former employer, Captain Charles Welles, of Llystion Hall, Brentwood, Essex." A letter to that address was posted, and a most satisfactory answer to it duly received, whereupon the engagement was completed. Harris went to his new situation, and in a day or two proved himself a drunken vagabond. It was not till then that it struck Mr. Fryer that it would be as well to ascertain whether the polite note with the Brentwood post-mark was genuine. He very soon found not only that it was a forgery, the work of a clique of London sharpers, but that there was no such person as Captain Charles Welles, and no such place as Llystion Hall, Brentwood. It certainly seems as if it would have been worth while to have obtained this information, easily procurable, before engaging a person who would necessarily be entrusted with property, and what was of far more account than property, a person who must acquire a knowledge of his employer's ways, his goings out and his comings in, and have facilities for executing, if so disposed, the most violent designs. Two days before this case was disposed of, one more extraordinary came under the notice of the magistrate at the Greenwich Police-court. A young female adventurer, calling herself Mary Horsfall, had succeeded by the aid of confederates in obtaining entrance as a pupil to a school of high class at Blackheath. She was introduced by respectable-looking persons, a man and a woman, pretending to be Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, of 251a, Oxford-street, who represented that she was the niece of a well-known and estimable member of parliament, and that she had already an income of £400 a-year, and £800 in expectancy. Unfortunately this story was too readily believed, and the young woman became a parlour-boarder, in which capacity she contrived to rob the inmates of the house of two diamond bracelets and several rings, and to obtain without payment gold watches and guards from a tradesman of the locality. Inquiry, which was made too late, elicited the fact that the adventurer was well known to the London pawbrokers, that she had previously swindled tradesmen at Leeds, and that the confederates who had introduced her did not reside at the address they had given. It certainly appears that in this as in the former case the annoyance experienced, and the positive mischief inflicted, might have been easily avoided by the exercise of a very moderate energy of thought. Sometimes an established routine, which is found to answer in ninety-nine cases and only fails in the hundredth, excuses a certain appearance of laxity in the forms of business. But we cannot believe that it is the practice of respectable schools to take in pupils without inquiry. In such cases as these two we must submit with patience to the criticism of the intelligent foreigner.

A RIFLE MARKER SHOT AT GRAVESEND.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Bolder, coroner for the borough, resumed and concluded at the Town Hall, Gravesend, the inquiry relative to the death of Joseph Little, aged thirty-one years, a rifle marker, who was shot dead at the battle.

Lieut. Colonel Deshon, and numerous officers and non commissioned officers, were present during the proceedings.

The evidence was to the effect that on Wednesday morning week, Captain Stewart, instructor in musketry to the Royal Marines, was superintending the firing of a considerable body of men at 600 and 900 yards ranges. While he was absent at the 900 yards range the firing at No. 2 range of the 600 yards distance was completed, and the marker, Joseph Little, went out, as did also Sergeant Mason, towards the target. Sergeant Mason wanted to compare the register of the shots with the target, and the deceased set about picking up the bullets. Just at this moment a private named Doble fired at No. 1 range, and the ball from his rifle passed close to Little's heart, killing him instantly. It appeared as if Doble, who fired from the left shoulder, had mistaken No. 2 target for his own—a mistake which often occurred, and to prevent which it was the duty of Sergeant Instructor Harris to see to the direction of the muzzle of the rifle; but in this particular case he was engaged in registering the shot of the soldier who had just fired. Sergeant Mason gave it as his opinion that the bullets were too near each other, and it appeared that accidents had previously occurred.

Coroner: The targets are eighty yards apart; is that distance sufficient for safety?

Captain Stewart: Yes; I think the same mischief would occur if they had been forty yards further apart. Eighty yards is the minimum distance, according to the regulations. The maximum distance is, I believe, ninety yards. The distance is counted, not from the side of one target to another, but from centre to centre. I believe the actual space from target end to target end is greater than sixty yards. I know of no targets placed at a greater distance. There is danger if any one goes up to target No. 1 when firing has ceased there, if firing be going on at No. 2. The mantlets are twenty-five yards from the targets, and about sixty yards from them are ricochet shields.

By Colonel Deshon: Only two accidents had occurred during two years and four months—one to a soldier and one to a volunteer. To prevent danger to human life, orders were issued that while file-firing was going on at any range no one whatever was to leave the mantlets at adjoining ranges. File-firing was not, however, going on at the time of the accident.

The Coroner addressed Sergeant Mason, and asked him whether he was still of opinion that the targets were too near each other.

Sergeant Mason said that he now wished to withdraw that opinion.

By Colonel Deshon: There would be no danger in picking up lead if the orders were attended to, for then all the men would stay in the mantlets till firing had ceased at all the targets.

Lieut. Colonel Deshon deposed that if the regulations were observed, there was no danger in having the targets only eighty yards from centre to centre. Some targets were very much nearer.

The Coroner having summed up,

The jury returned the following special verdict: "That the deceased was shot accidentally by a bullet from a rifle at a certain target; and the jury recommend that the official regulations be strictly carried out during target practice; and also that, in future, where possible, two men should be employed with the firing parties, the one to register the shots and the other to superintend the aiming of the men."

Colonel Deshon said that the recommendation of the men should be attended to. The officers were all most anxious to prevent the recurrence of such misfortunes.

REMARKABLE CASE OF WELSH OREDULITY.

At the Monmouthshire Quarter Sessions, Lewis Lovell was indicted for obtaining by false pretences the sum of £11 and various articles from Catherine Jones, the money and property of her husband, Rees Jones, at Mynyddrollwyn, on the 1st of February, 1864. There were several counts in the indictment. The prisoner's counsel (Mr. Smythies) objected that they could not be united, and, after some argument, the learned chairman ruled that Mr. Somerset (counsel for the prosecution) must make his election, and he preferred to go upon the count for larceny. From the evidence of the prosecutor's daughter, Annie Jones, it appeared that her father, with whom she lives, resides at Cross Penmaen, near Blackwood. On the 29th of January the prisoner, a travelling tinker, applied at the prosecutor's house for a job, and witness gave him one. While at work he noticed that Mrs. Jones, the mother, was ill in bed, and inquired what was the matter, to which the daughter replied she had the asthma and "rheumatiz," whereupon the prisoner said his wife was "a good hand at those things," and offered to bring her to the house. Witness consented to test the efficacy of the woman's treatment, and in the evening she came and saw the sick woman, the prisoner remaining in the kitchen while his wife attended to the invalid. On going away she took a sovereign to "get change." Other visits followed on the two following days, on each occasion the woman taking something away—a watch, tablecloth, bread and cheese, and other articles. On the morning of the 1st of February the woman came, and Jones's daughter, by direction of her mother, gave her five sovereigns, which were to effect some mysterious purpose, wrapped in a handkerchief by the "enchanted," and given to the sick woman, to be by her kept in close possession. While this was proceeding the prisoner called, lit his pipe, and remarked to the daughter that his "wife was sure to cure his mother's complaint." In the evening the woman paid another visit alone, and the process of the morning with five other sovereigns was again performed. The ten sovereigns were then carefully wrapped in a handkerchief, which was placed in a cupboard by the prisoner's wife, who locked the cupboard door, and by permission took the key away. Neither the prisoner nor his wife put in any further appearance at Cross Penmaen. At the end of a week the cupboard was broken open, and there was the handkerchief, but instead of ten golden coins of the realm was found a like number of pieces of lead. Information was given to the police, who instituted inquiries, but to no purpose until July, when the prisoner was apprehended in Radnorshire. The prosecutor knew nothing of the way in which his gold was being manipulated until the loss of the money was discovered, the prisoner's wife having enforced the strictest secrecy for the period of a week. Mr. Smythies addressed the jury for the prisoner in a very ingenious speech, and the chairman summed up, remarking that it was quite clear the prisoner's wife had committed the theft. Why, then, had she not been indicted? Because, in law, if a husband and wife committed an offence in company, the wife was presumed to act in obedience to her husband, and he alone was held to be guilty. The question for the jury was—did the husband instigate the wife, or was he cognizant of her actions? If so, he was guilty. The jury immediately returned a verdict of "Guilty," and the chairman sentenced the prisoner to nine months' imprisonment.

BAPTISM OF THE YOUNG PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

The young Prince, son of the Prince Royal of Prussia, was baptised with the usual ceremony at Berlin on the 21st inst. The names given to the royal infant were Francis Frederick Segismund. On page 313 we give a large engraving of the imposing ceremony.

TRIAL OF THE CARRICK WITCH.

At the Clonmel Quarter Sessions, Mary Doherty was charged with fraudulently obtaining goods from Joseph and Mary Reeves, at Carrick-on-Suir on the 1st of June, 1864.

Mary Reeves was sworn and examined by Mr. Bolton: I am the wife of Joseph Reeves, sub-constable. He was stationed at Carrick-on-Suir on the 1st of June. My father's name was William Mullins. He was dead three years last May. I had three sisters, two of whom I know to be dead, one over ten years, and the other about seven years. I had a child, William, who died four years ago. I know the prisoner Mary Doherty. I had a conversation with her about my dead relatives in June last. I spoke to her about curing one of my children, who gets weakness. She gave the child some herbs boiled in new milk several times. She commenced attending the child about ten months ago, and continued so for more than a month; she continued coming to my house after that nearly every day. I was one night, after quenching the light, in my house, when I saw my father. It was before the month of May. I had been speaking to the prisoner about my father before this. She drew down the conversation. She said she used to see my father and all my family in the most at Ballydine. She told me afterwards that they were coming home from Ballydine most. I had told her before this that they were all dead. I said I could hardly believe her, and she said I would get a note from them. (Suppressed laughter in court.) She desired to have my child to go to the most at Ballydine, and that Captain James Power would write the note for my people. He is also dead, but she said he was in the most. I sent the child for the letter. Mary Doherty went with them. They came back together. The child had the note, and he gave it to me. The child told me he got the note from a man who dropped it to him in a field. I got a great number of letters on the same day from Captain James and others. They were brought either by my child or the prisoner. The prisoner told me about the 5th of May to send some bread and butter, as my sister and son had come home to this world to live here. They were coming one by one, as she said, and I increased the supply. The last came home the fair day of Glin. She told me to send the food for them to eat it. I gave her bread, butter, and tea, and she said she delivered it to them. I was giving them to her for four months, once every evening. Some eggs were sent. She returned them, saying they did not agree with my child, who was coming home. I would not have given her those things but that I thought she was giving them to my people. I believed her at that time.

Cross-examined by Mr. Vowell: The first time I spoke to her was when she came to take care of my child. My child is foolish. She gets weakness and walks in her sleep. She said first that she would cure my child to perfection. I said in conversation to her that my father was dead. She told me after that my father and sisters had come home, and that he was in a house in Carrick, and that I should support him there until they were relieved out of Duggan's store. I saw my father one night at twelve o'clock, about two months after she told me he had come home. I was glad to hear my people were coming back. I believed at the time he was coming. I was in bed about three-quarters of an hour when I saw my father. I did see him. He was sitting on a chair in the kitchen, opposite the fire. He was quite near me. My husband was in bed, but was asleep. I did not speak to my father, nor he to me. He spoke to me after that night, between eleven and twelve. I know he was not alive when I saw him first. He had a blue coat, knee breeches, and a hat on. He also had a stick in his hand. His voice came to the door next, and I heard him saying he was going three times, but that he would return. My father said three times that he was going, but that he would return with plenty. I did not believe he was alive then, for she said he was going with the gentry. I heard a child's voice outside the door another night, which I believed was my child's voice.

Sub-constable Joseph Reeves was sworn. Mr. Bolton said he would not examine him. He would only produce additional witnesses for cross-examination.

Cross-examined by Mr. Vowell: I am a long time in the force. I was removed from Carrick to Clonmel and am now stationed at Kilmannahan. I knew my father-in-law well. He is dead over four years. I saw a man about eight months ago at Knockree who I believed was my father-in-law. He was about twenty yards from me. It was in the dusk of the evening. He had a black coat and trousers on him. I believed he was dead at that time, but that he came to life after. He seemed to have a ghostly appearance. I never saw a dead man standing before. (Laughter.) He was leaning on a stick. I only saw him once. The prisoner told me after that he would come home, and I believe that he came to life. I had a son William. I saw my son in an unoccupied house belonging to Duggan. The prisoner told me to go there, and that I would see him. I went quite close to the window, and I saw my son near it, inside. I was looking at him for five minutes. I saw him in a ghostly appearance inside. He was not in the shape of a living person, but the prisoner told me it would take a considerable time before they would come to perfection. I believed he was alive.

Mr. Vowell addressed the jury for the defence, and contended that the witnesses must have been out of their senses, and that their evidence was not to be relied on.

Mr. Sergeant Howley addressed the jury, who, after a few moments' deliberation, handed in a verdict of "Guilty."

Court: You could not return a more proper verdict. The party sitting on the chair, and those seen in the house and in the field, were, I am told, persons instructed by the prisoner, and she had impressed her victims with the belief that they were her relatives. One was shown in the dusk of the evening; another was seen at night. Since the trial took place, I have been speaking to Mr. Heard, S.I., and he informs me that the prisoner's husband, and a man who led him about, were the parties who personated those characters, and the imaginations of her dupes were so wrought up that the imposture succeeded.

Prisoner: Oh, my lord, think of my poor blind man and my two poor children.

The Court: You are a terrible woman and a dangerous impostor. You must be confined in gaol for twelve months, and kept to hard labour.

EXTRAORDINARY HOAX.—A Fleetwood woman being unable to raise the wind hit upon the novel expedient of writing to her own and husband's relatives announcing the demise of her husband, who was to be carried away for interment at Belfast by the steamer leaving Fleetwood the following evening. A large company was of course invited to the "wake," and sundry hints given, expressing a hope that as the deceased had died very poor and left a large family his friends would send something handsome for the occasion. The friends of the deceased, however, expended on themselves all that was necessary in order to show becoming respect to their relative, and then brought with them cash enough to keep a "wake," and pay all necessary expenses. In addition to this, however, we believe that one of them bought for the "widow" a set of "mourning weeds." Next day seven or eight of the "sorrowing" relatives arrived per train in Fleetwood, and on proceeding to the residence of the "deceased" were disappointed to find themselves the subjects of a shameless hoax. Mutterings of wrath and re-orientation followed this discovery, which, however, were speedily turned into laughter by the appearance of the "deceased," not confined and shrouded for his last resting-place, but clothed in his usual garb, and as ready as any of the "weepers" around to enter into the festivities of keeping his own "wake." On the discovery that the dead was alive again, and that "the lost was found," a sort of merry-making ensued.—*Liverpool Post.*

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN-GARDEN.—The late rains have been most beneficial to the gardens generally, enabling the getting in of the remainder of the vegetable crops, such as cauliflowers, cabbages, lettuces, celeris, endive, shallots, &c. Should any portion of this important work be left undone, let it be finished without delay. Keep the hoe at work in the earthing up of plants. Let all the beds be free from litter, so as not to afford harbour for slugs and insects. Give air to frames in which your cauliflowers, lettuce, &c., are coming along. Protect mushroom beds with warmer coverings. They should be uncovered once a week to remove any litter, damp, or mouldiness which may appear. Ground not intended to be cultivated should be trenched two or three spades deep, and the ground thrown up in rough ridges to have the benefit of air, to be in readiness for spring planting.

FLOWER-GARDEN.—Continue to look over arbutus. Attend to pits and frames, giving petunias, verbenas, calceolarias, &c., frequent attention, and just giving sufficient water to prevent drooping. Get in a few bulbs, as advised last week.

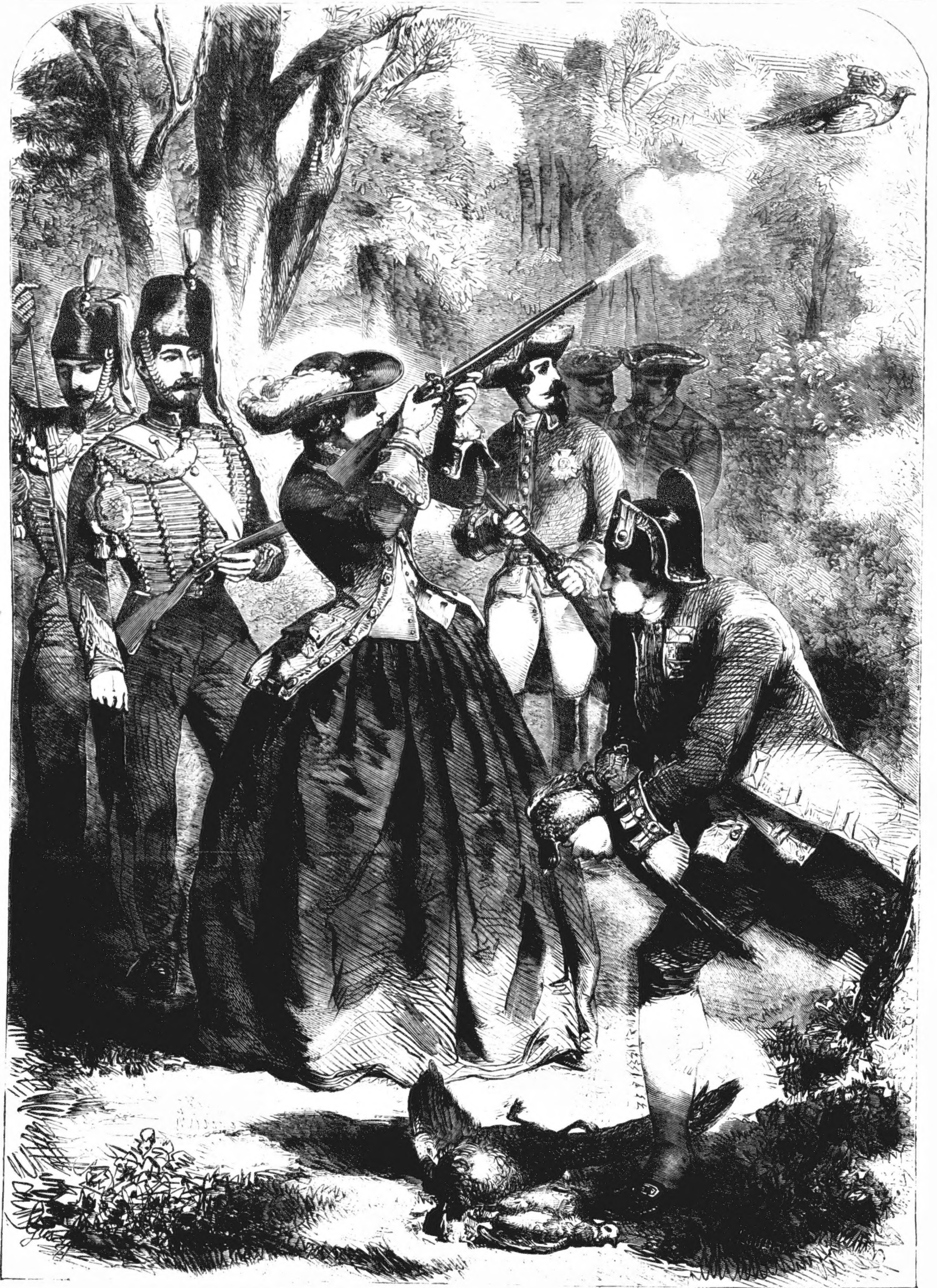
A RUFFIAN ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

A REVEREND gentleman, living at Gloucester, has sent the following interesting communication to our correspondent in that city:—"Travelling from London to Gloucester on Thursday by the express train, which left Paddington at a quarter to twelve, a second-class place which shows (if any additional proof were required) the importance of establishing some means of communication between the passengers and the guard. I had a second-class ticket, and, anxious to avoid the inconvenience of changing at Swindon, I took a seat in the through carriage to Gloucester. My fellow-travellers were two ladies, who were going, I think, into South Wales, and I had just settled snugly in a corner and prepared for a few hours' quiet reading, when my attention was attracted by the entrance of a man in sailor's dress, whose bloodshot eyes and savage mien told of drunkenness. I was on the point of seeking the guard, when the fellow suddenly left the carriage, and the guard coming up at the moment I requested he would not allow him to return. But to my surprise, at the instant of starting, the fellow burst into the carriage, followed by the guard, who warned him that if he did not behave properly he would be left on the road. Now this was not a pleasant prospect. We were to run to Swindon without stopping, and were to be all this time caged with a drunken ruffian. But there was no help for it. In the course of some ten or twelve minutes the fellow vehemently proclaimed himself 'a Southern privateer, and an enemy to the English.' Rising from his seat, he staggered over the feet of the ladies, and confronting me, demanded what I had to say, threatening to 'smash my skylights' if I did not tell him my opinion, and flourishing his huge fist in my face by way of warning. I quieted him for a few minutes by getting him to tell us something of his early life. He said he was an Englishman, had run away from home when a boy, had gone to South America, and that when the law broke out he had taken service in a Southern privateer. His tale was mixed up with such oaths and blasphemies that I was glad to withdraw my attention, whereupon, to my dismay, he produced a bottle of strong drink of some kind, and swore he would 'treat the company.' He put it to his mouth by way of showing us how to do it, and took a pull so hearty and so long that he swallowed one-half the contents. Declaring in words not to be repeated that the man or woman who did not drink should 'catch it,' he presented the bottle to each of the ladies. Having spent about ten minutes coaxing and threatening them, he turned to me. I expected I was 'in for it,' but on my refusal he only expressed contempt for 'old Jinnies,' and took the remainder himself at one gulp. This over, he prepared for smoking, and seeing it alarmed us, he amused himself for some time in throwing about half-burnt matches. He had learnt the free-and-easy habits of American society, and spat with an accuracy of aim that was undeniable, for he made my face the target on two or three occasions. When he had satisfied himself upon this head he grew sleepy, and stretching out his legs so as to take up one side of the carriage, he fell, as we delightedly supposed, into a sleep. I settled down to read, and was perhaps ten minutes or so employed, when I was startled by a shriek and a spring from one of the ladies, and on looking up I saw, to my terror, that the fellow had suddenly opened the window and had so far succeeded in getting out, that but for the presence of mild and courage of the lady, who had seized him by the hair, he would have been under the wheels in another moment. By uniting our efforts we were able to drag him in, but for a full quarter of an hour he fought and tore like a savage, leaping at the window, and we restraining him, till at last he was compelled to desist through sheer exhaustion. What a situation to be in! He then adopted a line of retaliation which was so grossly indecent and outrageous that I dare not describe it. The poor ladies (whose conduct exceeded all praise), huddled together in a corner, while I stood in front guarding them with a stout umbrella. I confess if at this moment the scoundrel had attempted to get out of the window again, I think I should have allowed him his own way. Providentially the engine-driver found it necessary to stop at Wantage-road, and I succeeded in obtaining aid, and had him removed. If we had been compelled to run all the way to Swindon, Heaven, who preserved us, only knows what might have happened." The writer adds:—"Now I think you will agree with me when I say that it was a shameful outrage to put such a ruffian into our carriage, or into any carriage, with civilized people. True it is that we were only second-class passengers, but that is not sufficient reason—at least for us—why we should have been terrified almost out of our lives, and disgusted to loathing by the conduct of this drunken scoundrel. Never did I feel so utterly helpless. I put my head out of the window, and I called till I became hoarse, and although the guard was within a few yards, we might have been murdered for any help he could have rendered, and all this in open day, and on the Great Western Railway. Perhaps if the wives and daughters of some of the directors had been in the carriage something might come of it, but of course as they travel in the first-class such a thing is not likely to happen to them, and yet poor Briggs's case shows us that even these people are not always safe. How long will the public bear this kind of thing? Surely it is our duty to call upon Government to compel the directors to action."—*Bristol Post.*

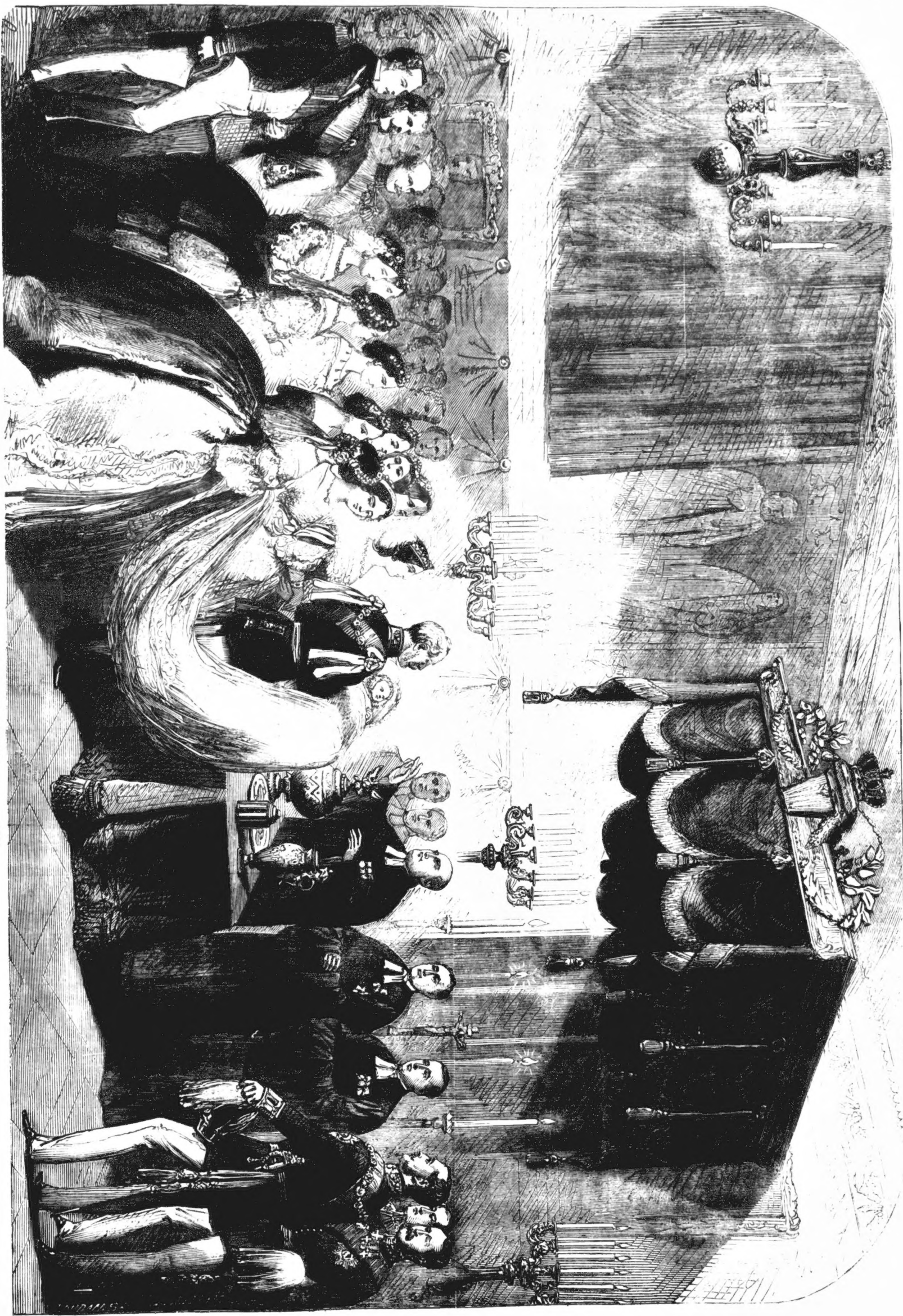
THE EMPRESS AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH PHEASANT SHOOTING.

On page 312 will be found a splendid illustration of the Empress of the French at a recent hunting party. Of the three days' hunting in which the Emperor and Empress and the royal party were engaged in, one was set aside for pheasant shooting. Our engraving represents the Empress as she appeared attired in an elegant costume of green cloth, with gold buttons, and a round hat and feather. If she does not look like Maid Marion of old, she, at all events, looks a most charming huntress. Two sub officers of the Chasseurs of the Guard attend to carry her fowling piece.

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Binding-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and CO., 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH IMPASANT SHOOTING. (See page 311.)



BAPTISM OF THE PRINCE ROYAL OF PRUSSIA. (See page 311.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—We have the Italian opera again at this theatre, which opened on Monday with Gounod's "Faust." Of the performance itself little need be said, as all engaged, with one exception, have repeatedly played the same roles. How often Mlle. Titiens has played Marguerite she herself could probably not say; and how well she sings in it we need not again tell our readers. Mlle. Grossi was the Siebel, and in "Le parlate d'amor" was encoeur. Mr. Santley's impersonation of Valentin is by very much the finest which has ever yet been seen. His death-scene was the most perfect feature of the admirable performance. Signor Gardoni was the Faust, and he sang the delicious music with all his habitual elegance. The chorus is remarkably good, and the orchestra admirable. The whole performance was most ably conducted by Signor Arditi.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Royal English Opera Company has this week continued its stand on the two operas of "Masaniello" and "Martha." In the first, the new tenor, Mr. Adams, is decidedly gaining ground in the opinions of those who at first thought he would be unable to maintain his position; but now that the opera has been produced some half-dozen times, he is more at home, and, as a consequence, appears to greater advantage. Of Madame Paropa we need scarce speak. Her singing throughout has been marked with a brilliancy that few can excel. Mr. Weiss and Mr. Herbert Bond have sustained their several parts of Pietro and Alphonso with effect, and the same may be said of Mr. Aynsley Cook for his Borella. The part of Finella found a beautiful and earnest representative in Mlle. Rosa Giraud; indeed the whole opera has been produced with admirable taste and care. The mise-en-scene may be termed perfection; and this department being under the control of Mr. A. Harris ensures the utmost development of the necessary spectacular effects. The scenery, dresses, and properties were the same used in the opera during the past summer. The general arrangement of the market and insurrection scenes in "Masaniello," together with the final tableau depicting the eruption of Vesuvius, are remarkable specimens of stage and scenic displays. The chorus is most efficient; and the band, under the able conductorship of Mr. Alfred Meillon, is all that could be desired. The opera of "Martha" has been placed on the stage with equal care and magnificence of scenery; but, with the exception of the great success achieved by Madame Lemmens Sherrington as the heroine, the production calls for no special remark further than it introduced several additional members of the company, including Mr. Henry Haigh, who certainly did not appear to his usual advantage, neither did Mr. Henri Corri. Miss Fanny Huddart also seemed wrongly cast for the lively part of Nancy. The production of "Martha" has certainly not been so effective as that of "Masaniello."

DRURY-LANE.—"Cymbeline," with Miss Helen Faucit, noticed in our last, has been the principal attraction of the week, though "Othello" has alternated with it. The first-named piece will be produced for the last time on Monday next, in consequence of the great preparations for "Macbeth," which will be performed on Thursday next, Mr. Phelps sustaining the part of Macbeth, Mr. Creawick, Macduff; and Miss Helen Faucit, Lady Macbeth.

HAYMARKET.—A new farce, entitled "On the Sly," has been brought out with success here during the week, but our limits prevent a further notice.

LYCEUM.—This establishment re-opened on Saturday evening last, under the management of Mr. Fechter. The house was crowded with a fashionable audience to witness the long-advertised "King's Butterfly," which, however, is no novelty. It is taken from a French drama, produced in Paris some years since, and was brought out last year at the Princess's, under the name of "Court and Camp." Mr. George Vining assuming the character now played by Mr. Fechter. "The King's Butterfly" is not a literal translation of "Faust," but a new version of that drama, the adaptation being expressly written for Mr. Fechter by M. Paul Menrice. Mr. Fechter's assumption of the principal character is a masterpiece of light comedy, and the refined taste and extreme liberality which he has displayed in placing the piece on the stage will ensure it a long and prosperous career. The scene of the Gardens of Versailles, with the fountains and the Palace seen in the distance, is a reality not to be imagined; while the encampment by moonlight is a marvel of picturesque design and brilliant effects. Mr. William Callcott, the scenic painter of the theatre, was called on the stage immediately both these pictures were seen, and both paintings and painter were received with acclamation from all parts of the house. Some curtailment is absolutely necessary, as the play lasted on Saturday evening from half-past seven till twelve o'clock.

ADELPHI.—On Monday evening a new farce, by Messrs. W. Brough and Halliday, was introduced for the first time, entitled "Doing Banting." It is a clever travesty of Mr. Banting's letters detailing the course necessary for the removal of obesity. Alderman Podge (Mr. C. H. Stevenson), a retired tallow chandler, is delighted with his wealth and position, but not with his bulk, which is suggestive of a large consumption of the article by which he has made his money. Miss Fatima Podge (Mrs. H. Lewis), sister to the alderman, is also similarly afflicted, and encourages her brother in his endeavours to attain a genteel appearance. Dr. Lavender (Mr. Branscombe), a young surgeon, in love with Miss Patty, has declared that it is impossible Alderman Podge can be reduced to the dimensions he desires, and is snubbed by the alderman, whereupon Miss Podge and the doctor resolve to elope. In this state of circumstances Professor Pankey (Mr. J. Clarke), an itinerant lecturer, puts in his appearance, representing Mr. Banting, and claims the patronage of the alderman for a course of lectures on Banting's system. The alderman is delighted with the novel doctrine, promises his support, and insists on the professor remaining in his house for the night. The invitation is gladly accepted, and at supper the professor proceeds to inculcate Banting's principles. He stops the alderman and his sister from partaking of duck and claret, appropriates all to himself, sends all parties to bed, and retiring himself for a short time returns to enjoy his pipe. The alderman and his sister also return in a terrible state of hunger to look after the remnants of the supper. One disturbs the other, and each seeks to secrete themselves. Miss Patty Podge then introduces the doctor, with whom she is about to elope; but the doctor is followed by a policeman, who has been in the habit of supping in the house, and the denouement follows, Professor Pankey claiming the suffrages of the audience for "doing Banting." The interest of the piece rests upon Mr. Clarke, and his acting throughout the piece is admirable. He was well supported by the other members of the company. At the close of the piece Mr. Clarke had to bow his acknowledgments, and the authors were called for and bowed theirs.

SURREY.—A new and original drama, by H. Leslie and N. Rowe, Esqrs., was produced at this theatre on Monday evening last, a full notice of which will appear in our next.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Monday a grand Danish fete was held at the Crystal Palace, which was very numerous attended. The band of the 1st Life Guards performed a good selection of music, after which the Danish vocalists gave an excellent entertainment. The company consists of four ladies and one gentleman, and they sang with so much life and animation that their hearers could not help feeling as merry as the entertainers appeared to be. Their costume, too, is interesting. The band of the Danish Guards per-

formed some of the national music very satisfactorily. A grand concert took place in the Handel orchestra, in which M. Jullien's, the Danish, and the Life Guards' bands, and the London Choral Society took part. The selection of music was a very happy one, and its performance appeared to give general satisfaction. The Danish artists were the lions of the day, and their appearance on every occasion was the signal for a hearty English cheer. The fete was certainly a success.

AN OPERATIC RIOT.

A LETTER from Madrid contains the following:—"Theatricals in Madrid have for some time past been at a low ebb. Whether it is from want of skill in the managements, or want of ability in the actors, or want of encouragement on the part of the public, I do not profess to decide, but the fact is that the better class of theatres have not paid. Some years ago the Royal Opera was in this position, and many people thought it would have to close. This would have been sad for the fashionable society of Madrid, with whom the Opera is almost the only amusement. The French came to the rescue. The Opera House was taken by M. Bagier, the manager of the Opera in Paris, who has kept the Madrid Opera open apparently without much expense, by alienating the *artistes* between Paris and Madrid. Now, you should understand that, although French fashions, French dishes, and French manners are above all things copied in this city, French men and women are detested. The time was when it was difficult for a stranger to pass through certain quarters of Madrid free from insult, under the idea that, being a foreigner, he must be a Frenchman. Next to calling a man a Jew, no greater insult can be offered, in Spain, than to call him French. And there is some excuse for this. The animosity dates from the wars of the early period of this century, when the French carried fire and sword, rapine, robbery, and wholesale murder through the peninsula; and when 'the 2nd of May' (1808) saw the Prado of Madrid stream with the blood of Spanish patriots, massacred by the Mamelukes under Murat. Their memories are consecrated here by an annual celebration, during which the French think it convenient to leave this city and visit the country. So long as Monsieur Bagier's operatic speculation in Madrid was unsuccessful (which it was supposed to be for a considerable period), so long the Spanish public were quite content to let him go on losing his money. The last season, however, was believed to be a very successful one; and at the commencement of the operatic season of this year not a box or a stall in the Opera House was to be obtained. This was more than Spanish nationality could stand; and the consequence was that when the Opera House opened three weeks ago, the entire audience was disposed to be extremely critical. Certainly the management gave occasion for criticism. The operas produced were stale; the performers, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, mediocre; the choruses tame and spiritless; the scenery villainously painted, and often inappropriate; and the costumes redolent of Rag-fair. The orchestra alone was unexceptionable; for even the house, handsome as it is, was complained of as being less brilliantly lighted than usual. The consequence was considerable dissatisfaction. The prima donna, Mademoiselle Penoy, who is by no means without ability, was hissed in 'Norma,' and when the manager tried the 'Traviata' for a change, the audience found the choros so miserable that they took to performing the choruses themselves, to the accompaniment of sibilations, whistles, and all sorts of instruments. In fact, almost every night since the theatre opened there has been some demonstration of a disagreeable character. On Monday last, the 'Compagnie de Credit General de Espana' suspended payment. This French company had guaranteed the manager of the Opera House, who is compelled here to make a deposit of certain securities for the payment of the rent of the theatre, which is a royal property. Upon the failure of the 'Credit General' becoming known, the Government called on the agents of M. Bagier to deposit fresh securities. It was thought that he would find great difficulty in doing so; and excessive was the joy amongst the dissentients at the idea that the reign of the French management was closed. The theatre was shut for three nights; but, on Wednesday, through the agency, it is reported, of the French ambassador, M. Bagier gave the security required; and last night the opera re-opened. This was by no means satisfactory to the Spanish party. The performance was 'Lucretia Borgia,' in which a new tenor was announced to appear. So dull and stale a selection from the repertory of the theatre was not likely to conciliate, and from the time the house opened there were symptoms of a storm. The curtain had scarcely risen when there were shouts for the manager, who, of course, did not appear. Then there were shouts for 'Faust,' which had been promised from time to time, only to be indefinitely postponed. About the middle of the second act the audience grew wild with passion, and things began to look extremely serious. Soon after the commencement of the third, the Queen and King, accompanied by the Infanta Isabel and a superb Court, entered the house for the first time this season. It was evidently expected that the appearance of their Majesties would quell the tumult. For once, however, even the loyal Spaniards appeared unconscious of the presence of his Sovereign. The Queen advanced to the front of the royal box, and seemed to smile at the prevailing clamour, but finding it increase, her aspect became serious, and after a short period her Majesty thought it most becoming to withdraw. Then, as there seemed every probability that the house would be torn to pieces if the row proceeded, the curtain was dropped on the performance; and the dissentients, having celebrated their triumph by tremendous plaudits, withdrew contented with the managerial discomfiture.

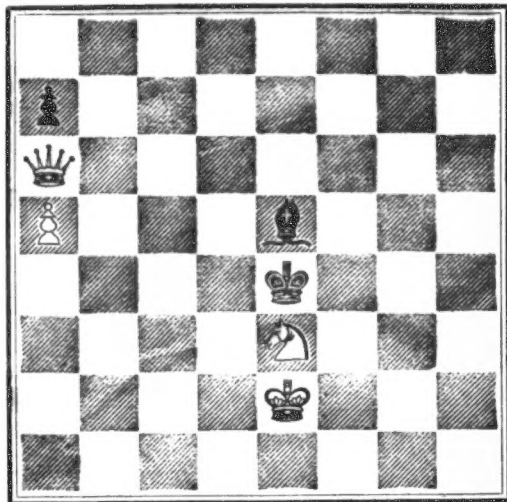
THE TWIN SWINDLERS CONVICTED AT SANDWICH.

THOMAS CROKER, alias Thomas Hanbury, aged twenty-six years, and Samuel Croker, alias Samuel Hanbury, also aged twenty-six years, said to be twin brothers, who, it will be remembered, have been travelling various parts of the provinces and London, swindling every one with whom they came in contact, were brought before J. Deedes, Esq., Recorder, at the quarter sessions held at the Guildhall, Sandwich. Two distinct charges were brought against them. The prisoners were committed for trial from Ramsgate, which town they visited during the busiest part of the season, and took up their abode at the head hotel, where two letters, addressed to "Thomas Hanbury, Esq., F.R.S.," had been waiting their arrival some days. They represented themselves as sons of a widow lady named Hanbury, who was a frequent guest at the hotel, and stated that they should require apartments for six weeks, before which time had expired they expected their mother would be there. Every confidence was put in them; they dined sumptuously every day, and that the landlord was honoured by the attendance of two distinguished guests appeared undeniable; their bearing was gentlemanly, and every day's post brought innumerable letters addressed to the "F.R.S." Numerous friends, said to be influential gentlemen, well "got up," were entertained at dinner by "the Hanburys," and to these the greatest attention and courtesy were paid by the unwary landlord and his domestics. Time wore on, and every day the landlord's bill for lodgings, and payments on behalf of his "distinguished" patrons, were largely increased. Repeated applications for a settlement were made to the twins, and then the everlasting and accepted excuses "that they had had replies from their mother (Mrs Hanbury), and that she might be expected soon to join them, or that she had promised to send them £200," were tendered. One fine morning, the twins having been nine weeks at their abode, finding that the applications of the landlord for payment grew stronger and more frequent, signed a cheque for over £100 in their assumed name, and left word that they were off for a drive and would return in the evening. A

drive they certainly did take, and would not have driven back to Ramsgate but for the assistance of a Canterbury detective, who, on their arrival in that city, held a warrant for the apprehension of the scoundrels. Their apprehension was effected in the first place by the vigilance of a tradesman named Franklin, carrying on business in High-street, Ramsgate, a person who, it afterwards turned out, had been defrauded. The Recorder said the conduct of the prisoners would not warrant him in saying a word in their favour, and as they had been found "Guilty" on both indictments they would be imprisoned for twelve months each, with hard labour.

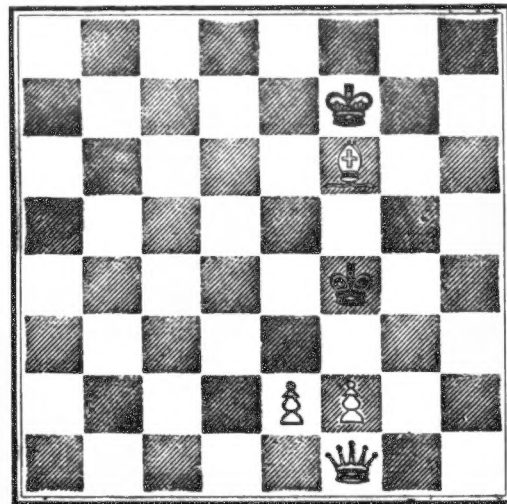
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 214.—By C. W., of Sunbury.
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 215.—By NEMO.
(For Beginners.)
Black.



White to move, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 210.
White. Black.
1. B to B3 1. P takes R (ch)
2. K to B6 2. Any move
3. R mates

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 211.
1. B to B3 1. K to K8
2. B to Kt4 2. P moves
3. K takes P 3. "
4. R mates

E. DIXON.—We have frequently stated that, in such positions as those to which you allude, the move of Pawn takes Pawn, *en passant*, is compulsory.

CATO.—Your problem can be solved in four moves by commencing with R to Q R6 (ch). The moves are very apparent.

F. R. S.—The problem sent is very neat. We must, however, delay its publication until we have been informed of your name and address.

B. X.—We have no liking for problems with extraordinary conditions attached to them, even when they are cleverly composed; but the one sent is very inferior.

J. W. (Caston).—It has been ascertained, by careful analysis, that the King, Rook, and Bishop cannot by force, from any indifferent position, win against the King and Rook.

Sporting.

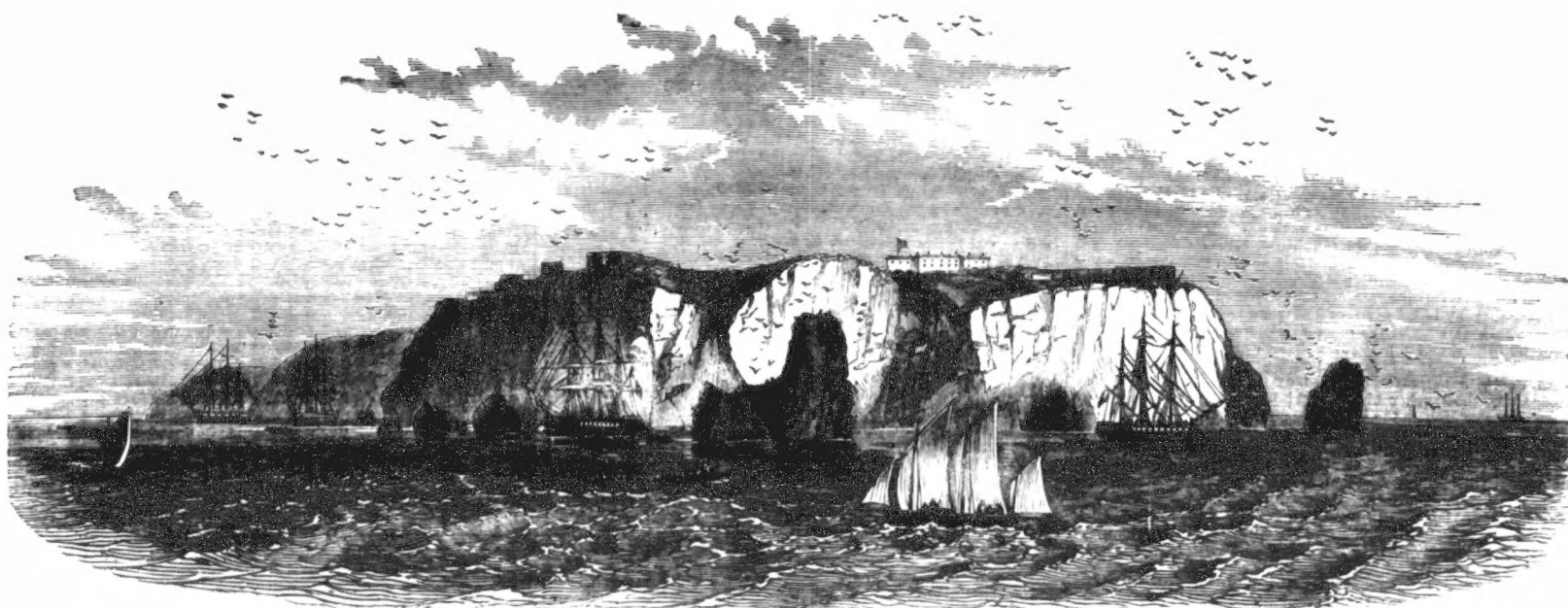
NEWMARKET RACES.
THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Ackworth	1
Tomato	2

Thirty-eight ran.

For Toothache, Tic-doloureux, Faceache, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, fourteen stamps, Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road. [Advt.]
No HOME COMFORTS without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Wanted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Free on application at 150, Regent-street. [Advertisement.]

Two Pass.—Robert Chapman, criminal, was brought before Mr. Dayman on a charge of stealing 2 bushels of beans, value 9s., the property of his employers, Messrs. Looke and Sons, of the firm of Chumley. Mr. Thomas Bartrop, the prosecutor's manager, said that the prisoner had been in their employ for six years. In consequence of a complaint on the part of the police he examined the prisoner's load of flour for the purpose of ascertaining if he had concealed underneath the covering which had no business to be there. He marked it, and allowed it to remain for the purpose of detecting the receiver. The prisoner was supplied with black oats and chaff for his four horses during the journey. The witness then apprised the police of what he had seen, but he was sorry to say that they had failed in detecting the receiver. Sergeant Payne, 19 V., said that about a month ago he and the police were informed of the circumstances found that they were being robbed, and the police were in communication with him the next time their wagon passed that road. In consequence of this the prisoner received from the last witness he watched the wagon to the asylum on Monday morning, and saw the prisoner unlocked the flour. Two sacks then remained, one being that mentioned by Mr. Bartrop, and the other containing the oats and chaff for the horses. The prisoner fastened one of the horses to the back of his wagon, and drove away at a sharp trot across Wardworth-common, which was not a direct way home, through some new streets into the Wandsworth-road. Witness, who was accompanied by a police-constable, was unable to keep up with him, and they hired a cab to follow the wagon. Witness found him at the Wandsworth-road, where he took out the sacks and placed them in the stable. The prisoner first took some hay from the wagon, and then a sack, which witness believed contained the stolen beans. He followed into the stable, thinking that if he waived the beans would be disposed of, but he then found that he had made a mistake. The prisoner had not removed the stolen beans, but the sack containing the oats and chaff, and he was engaged in mixing them in the bag for his horses when he entered. Finding that he failed to detect the receiver he took the prisoner into custody for the robbery. The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said he was very sorry for what had happened. It was the first time. Mr. Bartrop said he did not ask for a heavy penalty. They had been robbed to a very great extent, and it was his desire to detect the receiver, but unfortunately they had failed. Mr. Dayman said that was a very bad case, and if the witness had not interfered for him he should have punished him very severely. As it was he would be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two calendar months.



THE CHINCHA ISLANDS, PERU.

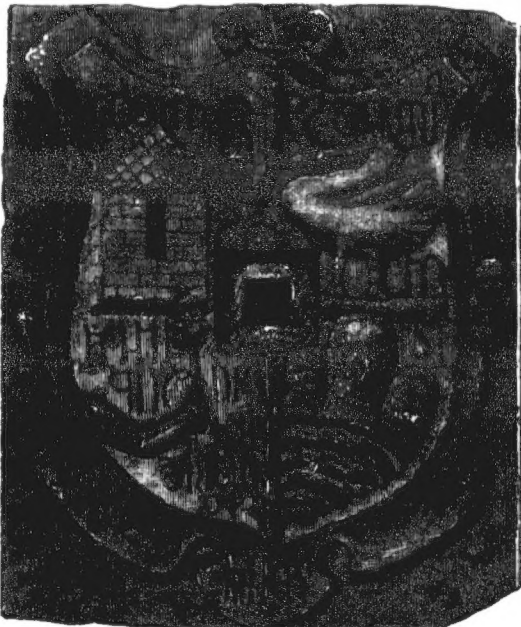
THE CHINCHA ISLANDS, PERU.

THE Chincha Islands are again a subject of dispute between Peru and Spain. The Government of the latter is urged to retain possession of them; while, on the part of the former, the satisfaction required by Spain is not looked upon with a very gracious eye.

The Chincha Islands, of which we give an engraving above, are celebrated for their immense deposits of guano. The term "guano" is from the Indian word *huma*, which describes its nature. It was used as a manure long before Peru was discovered by the Spaniards. The Incas took unusual precautions for securing the benefits of this important article, and no one was allowed to set foot on the islands during the season when the birds breed, under pain of death. The guano covers islands and cliffs, and in some spots lies in such enormous beds as could only be produced by the accumulation of thousands of years. So great is the shipment of guano from these islands, that the value of the deposits is estimated at twelve hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling!

In 1847 a curious stone, a facsimile of which we give, was discovered on the North Chincha Island, under eighteen feet of guano. Now, suppose the stone to have been there 200 years, this would give a deposit of guano by the birds of one inch per year. This stone, with its quaint armorial bearings, may have been brought from Old Spain. In the first compartment are the letters D O M, a church or house, and a bell. In the second are letters that may stand for *Pearo*, the figure of a pelican (of which there are myriads about here), and the letters A D N. In the third there is an arm holding a star of light. The only word to be made out here is *QUEVA*, which in Spanish means *burns*. In the fourth division three islands are depicted, intended for the three Chinchas, and the undulating lines are meant to represent the sea. The word *SI*, or "yes," is in the corner. The stone may have been intended for insertion over the doorway of a building belonging to some former owner of the island.

The work of excavating the guano is done chiefly by Chinese, and at times there are between two and three hundred ships loading there at one time. So great is the exportation of this manure that it was supposed the whole would be cleared in a few years, but a



STONE FOUND IN THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

thorough examination and calculation based upon its estimate that it will take nearly two hundred years to clear the deposits.

ROYAL GRATITUDE.—The *Nord Zeitung* of Hanover publishes the following anecdote on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig:—"After that famous engagement Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, who had been one of Napoleon's most devoted adherents, was made prisoner and taken to Berlin. At the same time the whole financial administration of Saxony fell into the hands of the conquerors. Under these circumstances, M. B—, a Saxon superintendent of finance, who was devotedly attached to the royal house of Saxony, thought it would be an act of patriotism on his part to secrete for the king as much as possible of the funds in his hands. He accordingly abstracted several millions of thalers, and in the confusion which then prevailed the Austro-Prussian administrators never missed the money. When the king was restored to his throne, M. B— solicited an audience to inform his majesty of the existence of this sum; but as, according to the etiquette of the Saxon Court, he was not of a rank sufficiently high to claim that honour, one of the ministers, M. de Zeschwitz, was charged to receive his communication. M. B— then informed the minister how he had managed to secure the money, and where he had concealed it. The minister expressed his satisfaction, and at once communicated the fact to the king. 'M. B— has done exceedingly well,' said Frederick Augustus; 'but how shall we escape the obligation of rewarding him for this service?' The minister promptly responded:—'Sire, we will give him a reprimand.' M. B— accordingly received a letter acknowledging his good intentions and accepting the money. He was, however, told that he had acted very rashly, but that the king was graciously pleased to overlook his fault and pardon him. M. B— was so chagrined by this reprimand that he died in less than a year afterwards."

THE *Bonn Gazette* states that Prince Alfred, of England, heir to the crown of Coburg Gotha, will arrive on the 28th inst. at Bonn to pursue his studies in the university of that town.

Literature.

THE CURATE'S WIFE: A WAIF FROM THE WAYSIDE.*

BY G. CUNNINGHAM.

STRAY waifs, well worth the gleaning, scatter the woods and ways; and many a golden-printed page, where human nature stands in brightest type, lies in a neglected corner. Shall we gather one of the stray waifs and read a chapter from the golden leaves?

At the semi-fashionable place called Lorton, lived Florence Westrena. Her story was a common one; a tale of sorrow and suffering, and these are common things enough. There was nothing startling or dramatic in it. She was not a heroine according to the modern reading of the character; for there was no glittering tinsel of folly or vice woven around her, nor any veil of mystery wrapping her in its semi-transparent folds. She had neither murdered a husband nor committed bigamy, nor done any of the violent acts which the heroines of 1864 are made to do; and, unfortunately, are found so interesting in doing.

Yet, if unwearied patience and indomitable courage in bearing all the trials of life, all the little petty annoyances which excite no sympathy, and, although so trying, are thought of little moment, and an unflinching determination to struggle bravely to the end, be heroic, then there was much of the true heroine in her after all.

Her life was sad, and all its sadness—and its joy, too, may be sprang from one blunder she had made at the beginning. And that blunder was just giving her heart to a poor man, instead of bestowing her hand on a rich one. What good could come of such disinterested folly in these days of prudent matrimonial speculation, when the income of the bridegroom is the chief subject of debate, and the amount of settlement gives the casting vote?

It was very strange that the beautiful daughter of the rough old sailor, Captain Leroy, should fall in love with a poorly-paid curate, Robert Westrena! Yet, strange as the fact was, it had become a fact; and, when it was discovered by her father—he absolutely approved! "I'll never believe," he said one day, when he was discussing ways and means with Robert, "that with your acquirements and zeal they'll let you starve—I won't call it living—and die on a curate's income."

Robert smiled. He thought such a result quite possible. So, in defiance of his poverty and the dreary aspect of affairs, he allowed certain notions, beginning in his admiration of a lovely face and a mind to match, and ending in—matrimony, to get firm hold of him.

He was frightened when these "notions" first assumed a tangible form. He turned them over in his mind, and then he tried to turn them out, but they positively refused to go. They had crept into some vacant chamber of his heart or brain, and the notice to quit was disregarded.

These notions soon proved most troublesome lodgers, upsetting the clerical temperament, and making Robert do all sorts of stupid things. First, they made him walk through the village in a queer, absent, doleful way, passing his friends without seeing one of them, taking wrong turnings, and forgetting his dinner hour; then they made him blunder in his sermons, and give out the wrong hymns in the reading-desk; and, lastly, one unlucky Sabbath, they came crowding into his thoughts all at once as he stood by the baptismal font, and made him baptise the first-born son of the village cobbler by the name of Florence!

Matters could not stand thus; it became necessary to bring them to an end somehow. So felt Robert; and so feeling, after prudent and long deliberation, he made up his mind that it was his duty to give up his curacy and Florence, and bid both good-bye at once and for ever.

He went to her.

She was tying up a rose-bush in the garden; her father standing beside her.

"How are you?" began Robert, grasping her hand as he had never grasped it before, and casting a look at the captain which said as plainly as a look could say, "I wish you would go away." The captain seemed to have the power of reading thought; for, making some excuse and with a very knowing smile, he went into the cottage, leaving Florence, Robert, and the rose-bush together.

Things now grew worse than before. Every atom of Robert's courage fled when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Florence. And she was so busy with that rose-bush! He almost hated it for monopolising her attention; she kept tying up one twig and clipping another, and training a third, with her beautiful head bending down, never once looking at him, and never speaking a word.

He stood nervously beside her, knocking the little pebbles on the gravel walk about with his stick; there was one little white shining pebble which acted as an especial mark for his excited feelings; first he knocked it out of the way, and then he knocked it back again; and then, feeling that he looked stupid in thus spending his time in knocking stones about and saying nothing, he plunged right into the Englishman's resource and began to discuss the weather.

"It is a warm day," he began.

"Warm!" exclaimed Florence, drawing her pretty little white hand from the rose-bush, for a thorn had run into her finger.

"Warm! Why, the wind is north-east, and my father has been so cold."

"Has he?" said Robert, not knowing very well what he said, and not caring one bit for the temperature of the captain.

"There, again!" exclaimed Florence, this time putting the taper finger into her mouth. "There is an other thorn. Oh, dear! I wish there were no thorns."

"Thorns!" repeated Robert. "There are plenty of thorns in this life, and they are not confined to rose-bushes."

She looked up at him.

What was there in that look to unloose his tongue? Something; for, when the captain rejoiced them, she was looking up at Robert, with a very happy smile while he held both her hands in his.

Where was the intended good-bye? Gone! And the small circle of a wedding-ring remained in its place.

CHAPTER II.

THREE months passed and Florence became the curate's wife. Three months more, and they followed the good old captain to his grave. He died suddenly.

When that event occurred the worldly prospects of the young couple stood thus:—Robert was in the thirty-fourth year of his age—a curate, with a curate's income of £100 per annum. Florence, under her father's will, inherited the unsatisfactory portion of—nothing. The captain had always lived up to his means, and that was not living up to much. Robert had expected "nothing," and he got what he expected.

Misfortune appeared now to follow the curate and his wife. The first misfortune came in her father's death; the second in a railway, which, running through and past Lorton, transformed the once quiet little village into the resort of an autocrat, called "Fashion."

And a mighty transformation the imperious dame worked. Lanes and alleys changed their names at once. "Bugs" signed to be "Norfolk Howards;" Duck's row merged into Duke's-parade, and Cobbler's-buildings became Cobourg-place. A row of white houses sprang up on the beach, which, in consideration of a grand walk six feet wide, was called the "Esplanade." In short, what with one alteration and another, and one improvement succeeding another, the once pleasant and unpretending village suddenly reared its head, put on as many airs as a country doctor's wife, strutting as consequentially while crowing as feebly as a bantam cock.

Florence saw the change in Lorton with a heavy heart and dreiful forebodings; for, had not Sheepskins, the butcher, talked of raising the price of meat; while Flower, the baker, had actually put another penny on the quarter loaf! Then there was Tilley, the landlord, who had barbarously hinted at an increase of rent! "I wish the railway had taken Fashion elsewhere!" sighed Florence, when she thought of all these things. "I don't want to have any—"

* Extracted from the "National Magazine."

thing to do with Fashion, and I am sure Fashion does not want to have anything to do with me." She was right. Fashion does not trouble herself about poor curates' wives, although she may sometimes take up her abode with a bishop's lady, or the spouse of a wealthy rector.

It took two years for Fashion to complete the transformation in Lorton, and at the end of that time Florence was looking forward to the arrival of a tiny visitor to add to her expenses, her anxieties, and her joys. Babies are sure to show their odd, underdone-looking little faces where there is little or nothing to maintain them. Many a rich man sighs for an heir, while the beggar at his gate sighs but for the means of feeding half a dozen.

Baby and the end of the year came together. If Florence had been happy before, she was ten times happier now. She was never tired of looking at the queer little creature. She thought it the most wonderful little atom in the world. She understood each look of the tiny face, every sound of the gurgling throat. And Robert, although a very sensible man, seemed likewise to be suffering from this baby-mania. Before that wee creature came he had never taken a baby in his arms, except when he had one to baptize; now he would walk about the room for hours carrying that little mite of humanity, and rubbing its soft face against his own rough cheek.

Two or three more years passed away; at the end of them Florence was the mother of three children, instead of one, Care and Anxiety standing as the sponsors of each.

She had enough to do to make "two ends meet." Three young children! An appearance to keep up, and an income of £100 per annum! The combination is not good; it makes a bitter mixture; there was plenty of bitter in Florence's cup, and she had qualified it without making a wry face. There is philosophy in taking the bitter cup without letting any one know you taste the bitter.

Her life was a struggle. She worked as hard as any servant—harder than hundreds of the pampered creatures. She was up early and late, sewing for her husband and her children, mending and making their clothes; washing for them occasionally, if the inelegant truth must be told, for the lazy country girl who officiated as "help," a sort of plough-boy in petticoats, with the face of a harvest moon—only not so beautiful—and the constitution of a dray-horse, thought it hard lines to be out of her bed before seven in the morning or after ten at night. Thus the surplus work of the cottage fell on the delicate mistress; and bravely did she go through it, with a smile on her sweet face when the trembling limbs ached with weariness.

It told upon her, though; and, after a while, there came a wan look to the once round cheek; and by degrees her strength gave way, little by little, so gradually that she scarcely marked the flitting. But Robert "marked it." He saw it all, and saw it without the power of remedy! for the cure lay in rest and comfort for her, and that he could not give her on one hundred per annum, and three children to support.

There never was a murmur on her trembling lip; yet, when her husband was away, when no human eye could see her suffering, no human hand wipe the tears from her pale, fading cheek, then many sad and doubting thoughts would arise. With all her trust and hope she could not help fearing for the future—fearing more for others than herself, and wondering how her helpless little ones would be maintained if she were taken from them. "The best part of Robert's life is passing," she argued; "he has given the whole of that life and its active energies to the Church; it is too late now to choose another path; his little inheritance from his father went in his education; the investment was made then, and nothing remains now to help us on. What shall we do? No money to purchase a presentation, no influence to get one given! And the rector says he cannot increase the stipend; neither can he, poor man! What will become of us!"

She thought and thought, and then she wept, and in her sorrow she turned to Him who all this time was looking down on her with a father's loving eye; and she asked him for "patience," and "comfort," and both came to her, for when did He ever disregard the cry of his suffering children?

Man may turn a deaf ear to human woe. Man may look coldly on distress. Man may pass aside from misery with a frown; but the great and merciful God of the universe, without whose knowledge not even a little twittering sparrow falls to the ground, never neglects the prayer of the broken-hearted, nor turns a deaf ear to their cry.

And thus, with anxieties pressing on her, and incipient disease eating her strength away, the autumn passed, and a winter of terrible anxiety set in. It was an old-fashioned season, beginning with a series of short frosts, and ripening into six consecutive weeks of the sharpest cold. Coals rose to an enormous price, provisions were dearer than ever; this all added to the cares of the curate's wife.

As week by week went on, Robert's anxiety for his wife increased. He said little about her health; perhaps he thought the more. He never asked her how she felt; he knew that without asking. He read the bulletin in the thin pale face; he read the verdict written there, and that was—Death!

Then, as the hard economies of their poor life came before him in cruel array, the small draughty rooms, the plain scanty food, the absence of all luxuries, the necessity for rest, the necessity also for toil, a regret, sinful, perhaps, though natural, stole over him, and he wished that he had chosen another profession.

So the winter dragged its dreary length away, and the bright spring once more shone on the frost-pinched earth, warming it to life and beauty again. Once more the twittering birds chirped merrily as they fled from bough to bough. Once more flowers peeped from their dull winter covering, raising their tiny heads to the bright life-giving sun; everything seemed to awake and revive; everything except the curate's wife—she drooped day by day.

April drew to a close. One evening there was an unusual stir in the curate's house, and the village doctor arrived hastily.

"Anything serious the matter, doctor?" asked a neighbour.

"Do you call death a serious matter," he answered; "for death is the matter there."

That night was one of deep and silent agony. Towards morning there was a change in her—the changeless change.

"Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

She had gone to that rest, and Robert was—alone.

CHAPTER III.

YEARS passed. The curate was no longer young. His hair was grey, and there were deep wrinkles on his brow; he had gone through the warfare of his life, and it had left a mark upon him. One of his children died in infancy, the other two lived, and were dragged up as best they might be on a curate's income.

One evening, in the burning month of August, a stranger wandered into the quiet churchyard of Lorton. Evening service was going on, and the windows of the quaint old church were lit with the glow of the yellow lights within; the organ gave out its solemn tones, while the hymn of praise swelled through the hushed evening air.

"How peaceful!" said the stranger; "none of the noisy bustle of the town here! None of its poor anxieties or stupid follies! Only the dead around! I wonder where she lies." He moved a little to the right; a grave with a plain white stone and the simple inscription—"Alice, the beloved wife of Robert Westerton, aged twenty-five," was before him. The time, the place, the hour awoke old memories. Other days glided in memory past him.

A hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Ah, old friend!" said Robert, in a cheerful, though subdued voice; "here do we meet again after so many years!—here where I like to meet!—here where she makes the third!"

He kept his hat in hand, remaining uncovered while he was beside her.

"You must come home with me," continued Robert, "and talk over old times. I can bear to speak of her now."

He lived in the same poor cottage. As they entered, a fair-haired youth, with his mother's earnest eyes, was sitting at the table reading. He came forward and spoke to the stranger, and then returned in a quiet and depressed way to his book.

"Put up your studies for to-night, Malcome," said his father, "and go to bed; you look tired."

"What are you going to do with your boys?" asked the stranger, kindly, when they were alone.

"The best I can," was Robert's reply. "Malcome wants to go into the Church, and both by taste and talent is he suited for a clerical life; but I dare not let him follow the bent of his inclinations."

"Why not?"

"Because it may not afford him the means of living honestly."

He is a portionless boy; I have not one shilling to give him, and I dare not let him adopt a profession which, under ordinary circumstances, holds out a terrible probability of debt. I know what I have gone through myself. I know how painful it is to have to live like a gentleman on a mechanic's pay. I know how galling is the pinching of genteel poverty. I know what it is to strive to meet your expenses; to deny in secrecy to yourself, and others ten thousand times dearer, those inexpensive luxuries, which, in an income such as mine, become mountains of extravagance; to do all this for years, and after all to feel, and know, and smart under the fact of debt! There! there! We'll say no more about it; only my boys shall not run the chance of being subjected to this life. Malcome is a clever lad, and must support himself entirely by his talent.

He cannot be sure of doing that in the Church. He may be as good a Christian at the bar or in the dissecting-room as in the pulpit; only I should have liked him to give his life and energies exclusively to God. But it cannot be. The A B C of the case stands thus: clergymen must from their position live, and lodge, and dress like gentlemen, and they cannot do that without an adequate income. Tradesmen won't maintain the clergy from philanthropic principles. A butcher is just as inexorable in the

liem of payment whether his customer be of the clergy or laity. A man can hardly keep out of debt if he is compelled to an outlay without having the money in his purse to defray the cost. I speak from experience, and argue from fact, having gone through it all myself. It is a terrible state of affairs, and needs a remedy; and, until that remedy be provided, my advice to all poor men, no matter how talented, is not to enter the Church."

CONCLUSION.

Two months passed, and the curate was no more. He died—

of fever caught in the discharge of his duties. His destitute boys were cast on the world's charity—a hard bed to lie on. Subscriptions were opened for them. The amount gathered was but small, still it helped to place them out in the world. Malcome entered a merchant's office; the younger boy was taken into a surgeon's employ.

Such is the story of one curate's life. The tale does not stand alone. It is stereotyped in many and many, and many a page.

SINGULAR ELOPEMENT FROM LONDON TO HEREFORD.

LATE on Saturday night the last train which reached Hereford from London brought with it a sort of clerical doctor, a dandy little Frenchman, and the scion of an old English family. "Drive us," said the reverend-looking old gentleman to the owner of a chaise in attendance, "to one of your best hotels," and they were soon set down at the front of the City Arms. They were all more or less excited, and the leader of this band of three no sooner saw his younger companions within the office-room than he bolted up to the bar door and asked for an immediate audience with the landlord. This personage was not on the premises at the time, and the respected landlady volunteered her assistance in any emergency in which her services could be of any avail. Hereupon landlady and visitor went to the office-room, and the old gentleman unbentured his mind to the following effect:—"I am the principal tutor to the sons of the Hon. —, and we reside in a mansion in the neighbourhood of St. John's-wood—my patron and his lady being at present on the Continent. The gentleman who accompanies me is the French tutor in the family. We had, up to Monday last, living in the family an exceedingly pretty person, as parlour-maid, named Richards, and it had been observed that the young heir, who is only sixteen years old, but remarkably well grown, occasionally paid her some attention, but no danger was anticipated. However, she left on Monday, having previously given notice of her intention to do so. On Wednesday both young gentlemen were at their studies, and on Thursday morning I as usual looked into the bedroom of the eldest, and observing him as I thought fast asleep, passed on. Breakfast-time arrived, and he was summoned by the servant whose duty it is to do so, when I and behold there was only a dummy in the bed, made up with blankets and some other things. The house and neighbourhood were scoured without obtaining any tidings of my lost pupil, and it was only yesterday that his younger brother, in turning over some papers, found a letter torn up into shreds, and on carefully placing them together, the name 'Richards, Church-street, Hereford,' was deciphered written as an address. Acting upon this we have come to Hereford in pursuit, and we want to know what steps can be taken to make inquiries whether persons answering the description of the young woman, whose name was Richards, and my young master have been seen about here." The landlady remembered that a large number of persons were announced as being given in marriage on the previous Sunday, and an application was made to the Rev. John Goes, of St. Paul's Cathedral, when it was found that on the morrow the parties would have been "asked out," as it is termed, after three consecutive askings. The whereabouts of the pursued having been found, the fascinating, rosy-cheeked daughter of Herefordshire, and the scion of an ancient nobility, were unearthed, but lodging at separate houses. The lady was, of course, all tears at the prospect of blighted hopes; but the young fugitive ought to thank his lucky stars that he has had such a narrow escape from being tied to a pretty, but wide-awake, wife at the early age of sixteen.

SUICIDE OF A SOLDIER.—An inquest was held in Colchester on Saturday evening on the body of Thomas Greenwood, a private of the 90th Regiment, who committed suicide by shooting himself in the barracks of the town on Thursday week. Deceased, who had been many years in the army, was recently, while on furlough, robbed of some money in London, and since then he has been very low spirited, and inattentive to his military duties. On the Thursday night he placed the muzzle of his rifle in his mouth, and blew the upper part of his head off, the bullet being scattered in all directions. The jury returned a verdict of suicide, there not being sufficient evidence to enable them to decide as to the state of mind of the deceased.

HONESTY'S TEA IS CHOICE AND SURELY MODERATE IN PRICE, AND WHOLESALE TO USE. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—Advertisement.

GREAT STORM.—LOSS OF LIFE AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

THE storm which, during the latter days of last week, blew with such terrific violence along the shores of the north of Scotland, visited Edinburgh and its neighbourhood on Saturday afternoon, and caused great destruction of property of every description.

During the whole of Saturday heavy rain fell without intermission, accompanied by violent gusts of wind. Towards evening the wind freshened into a gale, and the rain swept over the city in torrents. Many of the streets were flooded in consequence of the gratings of the sewers becoming choked with rubbish, and considerable damage was in some instances caused by the water flowing into the cellars and underground places where property was stored.

Between six and seven o'clock the gale increased to a hurricane, which raged with the greatest violence and with disastrous results till an advanced hour yesterday morning. Excepting those whom necessity compelled to stir abroad, few people ventured into the streets on Saturday evening during the time the storm was at its height. The thoroughfares were nearly deserted, except by cabs and omnibuses; and those persons whom business compelled to turn out made their way along the streets at great hazard and risk of injury. Slates, stones, and chimney-cans, wrenched from their positions by the force of the hurricane, were hurled violently into the streets, and some narrow escapes to pedestrians occurred. In many parts of the city where new buildings were being erected the wooden sheds and scaffoldings were torn down by the strength of the wind and blown about the streets, to the injury of neighbouring property. Trees were uprooted, and branches scattered far and wide by the action of the storm; and in the suburbs much injury was done to gardens and stackyards.

Considerable damage was done to the roof of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Chapel, Broughton-street, in consequence of a large stone cross, which formed part of the outward ornament of that ecclesiastical edifice, being blown down. During Saturday night and Sunday a good many people who had been injured were conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, but no very serious case was reported.

Throughout the whole time that the hurricane lasted it was accompanied by continuous and lashing showers of rain. The force of the water was such as to cause small landslips, and in some of the streets the ground was undermined and fell in, creating great holes, peculiarly dangerous to vehicles.

A Dunbar correspondent writes:—"On Friday night the temperature fell rapidly, and the wind began to blow from the eastward with great violence. The storm continued to rage throughout the whole of Saturday with a fury seldom experienced even on this coast, where severe storms are by no means rare. The rain fell in torrents all day, and the streams in the neighbourhood were roaring from bank to bank, and bearing down trees, brushwood and agricultural produce from the uplands in great quantities. At West Farna, the Biel water threatened to inundate the lower portion of the village, and a number of the houses were overflowed. The garden surrounding the farm-house was completely under the water, which flowed right through it, and rushed down the streets in a threatening stream. All along the coast the sea rose to a tremendous height, and as far as the eye could penetrate through the mist and spray it seemed but one mass of raging foam. On Sunday, the storm continued with unabated violence; and such was the force of the wind that the white foam of the sea was blown like snow flakes, thick and fast, for full half a mile inland. About six o'clock in the morning a foreign vessel was observed at Link-heads, near Thorntonloch, in a very critical position. Intelligence was conveyed to the Coast-guard here, who, under the management of Mr. Morgan, chief boatman, hurried to the spot with all the necessary apparatus. Unfortunately, however, they arrived too late, the ship having broken up about twenty minutes previous to their arrival, and only one man was saved out of five of a crew. The vessel was a Danish one, bound for Leith with a cargo of wheat; and it broke up completely a short time after striking. With reference to the loss of the crew of the vessel, the preventive force complain that so much time was lost in sending the message to the station here. It was conveyed by a man on foot, the distance being upwards of six miles, whereas had a horse been got, and men and apparatus been half-an-hour sooner, the crew would in all probability have been saved. No sooner had the Coast-guard returned from Thorntonloch than they were summoned to the assistance of another vessel which had stranded on Tyne Sands. Lieutenant Hamilton and the whole force were speedily on the way to the scene of disaster, but they had only got about half-way when they were informed that their services would not be required, the crew having got safely landed in their own boat. The stranded vessel was bound from Arbroath to London. So severe was the weather that the *Sacramento*, which should have been dispatched in the Established Church yesterday, was postponed for a fortnight."

IMPERIAL TRAVELLERS.—The *Franchise-Compte* states that as the train in which the Emperor of Russia was travelling was obliged to stop at Besançon for a few minutes to allow another to come up and pass, his Majesty alighted and took several turns on the platform accompanied by a magnificent black Newfoundland dog. The *Progres* of Lyons, after describing the magnificent preparations made at the Grand Hotel of that city for the reception of the imperial travellers, states that by order no bed was left in the sleeping-room assigned to their Majesties, as they always, when travelling, had their sleeping apparatus carried with them. The *Salut Public* of the same city says:—"On their arrival at the hotel the august travellers found two tables served—one on the first floor for their Majesties and their children, and the second in a room of the ground floor for their suite. The Empress, who was in a suffering state, was removed in an arm chair from the railway carriage to the apartment prepared for her. She was not able, in consequence of her state of health, to be present at dinner, but was served in her room, around which M. M. Marx and Co., the eminent silk manufacturers, had disposed a quantity of rich stuffs, as specimens of Lyons produce. The Empress being anxious to retire to rest, sent word to those gentlemen that she would make a choice among the goods sent for her inspection on her arrival at Nice. The Emperor graciously invited Marshal Canrobert to join him at dinner. The Emperor and Empress travel in such strict incognito that positive orders were given that no one should be admitted to the railway station. All the company's servants had been sent away, and the station-master alone remained to open the door of the imperial carriage. The Emperor and Empress were dressed in the simplest manner; the Emperor wore a grey overcoat and one of those round felt hats with a flat brim, which are now in fashion. As to the Empress, without giving any special details as to her attire, we may affirm that she was dressed with a simplicity that a *bourgeoise* would have disdained. When a lady is Empress of all the Russias, she may wear the most simple articles with impunity. On their departure Marshal Canrobert and the Councillor of State, Prefect of the Rhone, received their Majesties at the station and accompanied them to the railway carriage."

JOKING AT THE GALLOWES.—Our Melbourne telegram gives a horrible account of the levity and bravado of the two prisoners who were executed yesterday for attempting to rob the Collingwood Bank. One of the poor wretches sang a comic song, and the other, though perfectly sober, asked, "When shall we three meet again?" Certainly the gallows seems to have lost its terrors.—*Adelaide Observer*, August 6th.

EXORCISER! EXORCISER! FAMILY SAWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES. For every home, are the simplest, cheapest and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Mann, 148, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich.—Advertisement.

A BOOK FOR ALL

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—WONDERS OF NATURAL MAGIC.—Entrances in Regent-street and Piccadilly.—The Great Sensational Entertainment. Ninth Week of Professor ANDERSON'S WORLD OF MAGIC. Miss ANDERSON, the Retro-Memorialist, Memory and Second-sight Artist. Her Extraordinary Performances are highly appreciated by thousands who pronounce Miss Anderson to have no parallel in the world. Over 200,000 of the elite of the metropolis have already witnessed the Great Wizard of the North's Psychomancy in the Great St. James's Hall. Every Evening at eight o'clock open at seven. Grand day performance every Saturday at Three. Area and gallery. Is. 6d. balcony, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be secured at Mr. AUSTIN'S office, 25, Piccadilly.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—The Greatest and most recent invention of the day, AQUA AMARELLA. Messrs. JOHN GOSWELL and CO., Three King-court, Lombard-street. Performers to her Majesty, respectfully offer to you this subtle truly marvelous fluid, which gradually restores the human hair to its pristine hue—no matter at what age. The Aqua Amarella has some of the properties of dye; it, on the contrary, is beneficial to the system, and when the hair is once restored, one application per month will keep it in perfect color. Price one guinea per bottle; half bottle, 5s. 6d. Messrs. Jno. Goswell and Co., have been appointed Performers to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

THE LITTLE MODELLER.—How to Make a Model Village, a Model Farm, Windsor Castle, Shakespeare's Birthplace, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, a Watering-place, a Cricket-field, a Racecourse, a Watermill, a Volunteer Battery, and a Model Railway. 250 Engravings, post-free for 13 stamps. Panoramas of the Thames Embankment, six feet long, price One Penny, post free for 2 stamps.

THE LITTLE SHOWMAN.—How to Make a Funnel Show, with all the characters; a Model Stage; a Jar of Colours; the Ghost in the Sheet; a Shadow Pantomime, and a Model Circus. 250 Engravings. Post free for 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and Co., 252, Strand.

PENNY TOYS, PENNY TOYS.—The Largest Assortment is at FREDERICK'S NEW GERMAN FAIR, 250, Oxford-street. The 2s. Parcel contains 75 articles, forwarded on receipt of stamps. Christmas Trees complete from 1s. each.

CLOCKS, ONE SHILLING.—The Everlasting, 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s., 23s., 24s., 25s., 26s., 27s., 28s., 29s., 30s., 31s., 32s., 33s., 34s., 35s., 36s., 37s., 38s., 39s., 40s., 41s., 42s., 43s., 44s., 45s., 46s., 47s., 48s., 49s., 50s., 51s., 52s., 53s., 54s., 55s., 56s., 57s., 58s., 59s., 60s., 61s., 62s., 63s., 64s., 65s., 66s., 67s., 68s., 69s., 70s., 71s., 72s., 73s., 74s., 75s., 76s., 77s., 78s., 79s., 80s., 81s., 82s., 83s., 84s., 85s., 86s., 87s., 88s., 89s., 90s., 91s., 92s., 93s., 94s., 95s., 96s., 97s., 98s., 99s., 100s., 101s., 102s., 103s., 104s., 105s., 106s., 107s., 108s., 109s., 110s., 111s., 112s., 113s., 114s., 115s., 116s., 117s., 118s., 119s., 120s., 121s., 122s., 123s., 124s., 125s., 126s., 127s., 128s., 129s., 130s., 131s., 132s., 133s., 134s., 135s., 136s., 137s., 138s., 139s., 140s., 141s., 142s., 143s., 144s., 145s., 146s., 147s., 148s., 149s., 150s., 151s., 152s., 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